

Woodwind

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WOODWIND

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Evolution
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Good Earth
Body Shop
Bead Experience
The Class Room
No Fish Today
Mary's
Tower Theater
Charles Theater
Green Earth
Clothes Horse
Middle Earth
Bum Steer

A ROSE

By Norie Morgan
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This went on for weeks and soon month's the man was in every single newspaper you could ever think of. But one day the doctor called: Husband why didn't you come the next week when I told you to. But dont worry about that me and my doctors have found out the trouble and it will go away any time now, goodbye. and he hung up. as you might have thought by this time the man had grown quite used to his rose and couldn't stand the thought of it dissapering and him going back to his plain normal life. But them maybe the doctors were all wrong and the rose would always stay in his ear for ever and ever. So this



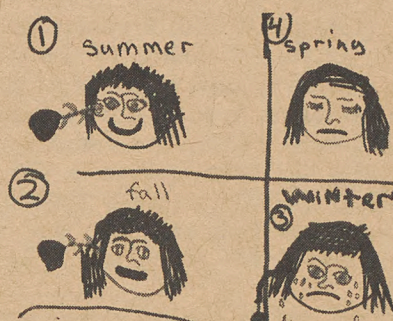
once there lived a man. The man was a plain man except he was different because he was so plain. He was 20 yrs of age, married, and had a couple of kids. He went to work came back had dinner read the paper and then went to bed. one day when the man woke up he had a itching in his ear. So he Said: Wife look into my ear it tickles me.

now the wife thought that this was very strange but she looked anyway. The wife saw a little stump in his ear that was green. :now what could that possibly be? the woman ponderd to her husband about this matter. Finnaly they decided he should see the doctor. The husband was scared because nothing like this had ever happened like this in his life.

The doctor didn't know what it could be. So He callEd all the other doctors in the world about the matter. After doing this the doctor told the husband to go home and rest but be back in a week. The next morning when the man awoke he found sticking out of his ear a rose. :(woman woman come here!) the husband shouted frightndly. the wife was alarmed what this could be for it wasn't usual for something like this to occur.

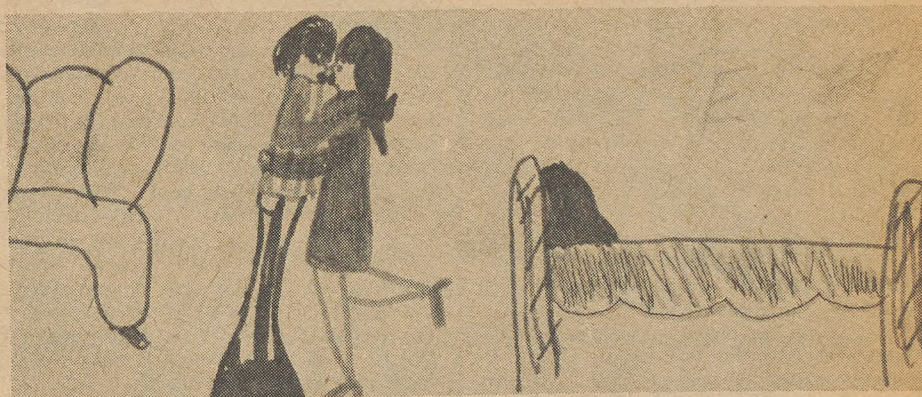


when the woman saw the rose she thought it was a joke but then the man never joked so she just simply said: ugh that rose is charming hun but ugh you know that boss of yours. Don't you ugh. :For your information woman I did not put it here it grrew! the man said furiously, now as hot as a red pepper. now knowing that he wasn't joking the wife tried to act as camly as she could. The man went to work the next day but only under the womans perswadings. as soon as he got outside a reporter rushed up to him took a picture as for his name his story and went away again exitedly. This kept happining until the husband grew a little modest and said he had better hurry or he might miss the bus. Now instead of a normal dreary day on the bus with people not enjoying them selves everyone was paying attention to the mans ear. even the husband noticed how beutafull it was in fact it was the prettiest red rose he or anyone else had ever seen before (so they said). Then the bus driver said if he ever came on this bus again he could go free. at work the secretary acted sexier then usual and gave her lunch and adress. The boss was cheerfull, (made a few jokes about the mans ear but at least was cheerfull.) on the way back it was the samething oh how the husband was happy.



happened for a year quite a while but not long anouf. summer was a great time fall was pretty good except the rose was getting a little droopy, winter was horrible the rose bent far down. Spring was the worst the rose had dissapered completly the man didn't know what to do or say he was embarrassed, mad, heart broken and miserable. The wife didn't know what to do, until one day when before this all Ever happend the man would have being reading the paper the woman said half meekley and half scared: Man if I died would you act like the way your acting toward your lost rose. And then with a sudden fit ran into her room and cried and wept there Cried again and wept.

This question sort of broke the husband out of his spell. Relizing what he had done afer thinking it over in his mind for about 10 minutes ran to his wifes room and cried there with her. :Martha martha the man shouted out I just relized how much I realy do love you it doesn't matter about my rose just so your with me why didn't I relize this before? Before martha can say anything the man holds her in his arms and elopes with her.



:Paul I love you to lets live a plain life but not so very that we must live like strangers to each other. At first when you got all the attention from everyone I didn't care but then oh oh Paul.

From that day on Martha & Paul lived a normal but not to normal life they traveled had two pairs of twins and and 3 other children altogether there were 9 happy people. The rose was burried and has allways been remembered. The End

and that is the reason
the rose is a sign
of affection!



ARTHUR MILLER

"Nixon is a godawful actor; for one thing, his gestures are always at odds with what he's saying."

Recently, Arthur Miller, one of America's most brilliant and outspoken playwrights, was the guest speaker at a luncheon at the National Press Club. What follows is a copy of the complete text from which Miller delivered his address. As his opening remarks make clear, Mr. Miller has been busy re-writing and directing his latest work for the stage, *THE CREATION OF THE WORLD AND OTHER BUSINESS*. As a result, the text may seem to ramble a bit and to go off on tangents, but at its core can be found the heart-felt thoughts and beliefs of a man dedicated to a dynamic art form which he sees as a medium of comment on the world around him. There can be seen the genius of a writer who can turn a neat phrase and build his point to such a pitch as to rouse the rabble.

This is the kind of speech we can only wish that politicians could write — or deliver, for that matter. John Kennedy and Abraham Lincoln succeeded — maybe we should elect Arthur Miller!! Though he categorically refused the call to politics, his comments are revealing and germane and timely. His ideas are inspiring and welcomed at this particular juncture.

Arthur Miller, 56, is the author of *ALL MY SONS* (1947), *DEATH OF A SALESMAN* (1949), an adaptation of Henrik Ibsen's *AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE* (1950), *THE CRUCIBLE* (1953), *AFTER THE FALL* (1964), *INCIDENT AT VICHY* (1964), *THE PRICE* (1968). He has been married three times; his second wife was Marilyn Monroe. He was convicted of contempt of Congress in 1957 for refusing to name people who had attended a meeting to which he had been invited as a guest (some of whom he surmised were members of the Communist Party). The conviction was reversed by the Supreme Court in 1958. His latest creation is *THE CREATION OF THE WORLD AND OTHER BUSINESS*, a comedy involving Lucifer and God in a confrontation over the world God has made, but over which he — while understanding its principles — has no control. It opens at the Eisenhower Theatre, October 23.

Miller as a man is tall, slightly balding, a pipe smoker, a casual dresser, a warm and convincing conversationalist, straightforward and keenly incisive — and appropriately opinionated!

I don't really have a proper speech because I've been nurturing a new play through production the last few months, so I'm down to a few random shots at the big preoccupation most of us have these days — the election.

Masquerading as a journalist last August, I attended the Democratic Convention. Like most writers I am always looking for America. And I end up, inevitably, finding her in myself when I'm lucky, or not finding her at all. I had been a Delegate to the '68 convention, but delegates never know what's going on. They are a lot like actors in a play — so busy playing their own parts they can't see what the whole thing looks like. But the last time in Miami, I was struck by something which of course has been observed since politics began — that an election campaign is not only like theatre, it is theatre! What we are doing now is trying to cast the part of President.

Of course if the system worked as it is supposed to the thing would be decided by positions taken toward issues; but the issues mean next to nothing apparently. In fact, the last time in my memory that issues really counted was during the first Roosevelt campaign. The issue was, when do we start eating again? Hoover's position was that you are. Roosevelt got elected! The only other time the issues had meaning was when Eisenhower said he would go to Korea to end the war and Stevenson foolishly summoned us to fight on indefinitely. Eisenhower won!

I suppose the reason why issues mean so little anymore is that both parties attempt to occupy much the same positions. Another reason is that people simply don't remember anything. I had an exchange in this new play which I decided to cut — because the scene itself needed changing — in which Lucifer offers God a program by which they could change the world's future, a future devoured by war.

And God says, "You can never change the future, only the past."

"How can you change the past?" Lucifer asks.

"Why the past is always changing?" God replies, "people can never remember anything or else you just lose a few documents."

A great alarm went up, for example, at McGovern's idea of guaranteeing a \$1,000 per year income. Everybody had forgotten that Nixon, a little while earlier, had been talking about a guarantee of \$2,500. But McGovern's proposal marked him as a radical while Nixon's simply went up the political chimney.

A lot of nonsensical rationalizing has gone into books about acting in attempts to turn it into an intelligible, rational procedure. And people like myself who cast plays are always trying to find some rational reason why they've chosen one actor rather than another. But the truth is obvious and rather appalling. You start out by telling yourself that the actor for a particular part simply has to be humorous, or short or tall or dour and forbidding and so on — and you end up taking the one who is none of these things, but when he reads the part, he simply keeps your mind

from wandering. For my own taste, Nixon is a godawful actor; for one thing his gestures are always at odds with that he's saying.

Either that or they're late. It's a lot like Ed Sullivan, a performer who was so at odds with his own arms that he finally took to clamping them to his chest. But actors like these are effective in arousing sympathy, if only for their difficulties. Most people feel awkward addressing crowds and they can identify with a man who is also ill at ease. It even suggests he is sincere. McGovern is a better actor in that he is simpler. At times he even seems rather graceful, as political actors go. But he lacks that touch of larceny which we enjoy in our leaders.

McGovern's difficulty, and Nixon's advantage, stems from the nature of the role they are trying to win. And that brings us to the kind of play they are offering themselves for as the hero.

McGovern seems to see us as wandering in the moral wilderness; we are being seduced by idols of brass; we are losing sight of our destiny, which is to climb the hard path toward the promised land where we will enter God's grace, lift up the poor and weak, and live in peace. This stance works best, however, when people are really hurting. When Roosevelt led his head-on attack on big business and the malefactors of great wealth, when he calls up the virtues of the little man, he was talking to a country of little men who were desperate for a voice of hope. People always respond best to a call for righteousness when it is accompanied by the call to lunch.

Now in most of the Depression period the unemployment rate was somewhere around ten or twelve percent; although for periods it went higher. In some cities in Connecticut now, the rate is very close to that. Equally, the selfish profit-taking of big business which Roosevelt railed against, and the capturing of government by special interests, is repeated now. But the unemployed today are surrounded by a sea of prosperity which makes them feel merely the unlucky exception rather than the systematic rule, and this may account for their meekness. But the real difference I think is the moral climate.

The desperate man of the thirties was born around the turn of the century, and he still had the idea that virtue was supposed to rule in America. More to the point, he had grown up in a culture which prized the individual entrepreneur, the self-made man, the inventor working in the back of his garage, the ingenious family farmer. So when a scandal erupted, like Teapot Dome in the Twenties or the Stock Market manipulations which sent a number of brokers to jail, or the banking investigations which showed the pillars of society to be made of cheese — the man of the Thirties could be outraged because to begin with he was psychologically positioned on the side of the small against the big.

Today, in contrast, something like seven percent of the people are self-employed. Most of us work either for big government or big business and we identify our futures and our

welfare with the stability of tremendous organizations. Put it this way — if the United States Government should declare itself bankrupt, we would all be nervous but we'd wait to see how it would be worked out. But if General Electric should show signs of failure, it would be an icecube shoved under our armpits.

This doesn't mean that there is any love for big business, or that we attribute virtue to it; what it does mean is that we identify with big business despite ourselves and we have a deeply ambivalent attitude toward McGovern's charges, or the facts themselves, of the sins of bigness. In a word, when America was still individuals, we could afford the luxury of virtue in politics, and allowed ourselves a certain naivete in our response to the politician who put himself forward in virtue's cause. Now, we know where our bread is buttered. It is not merely that everything has become so big, but that we belong to what is big.

It seems to me that the real reason McGovern's appeal hasn't caught fire may turn out to be a very tragic one. In effect, he is putting himself forth as spokesman for the small farmer, the small businessman — any and everybody who isn't rich, powerful, and in a position of the manipulator. But is the small farmer really there anymore? Can any sizeable group of Americans really conceive themselves anymore apart from their umbilical connection with whatever Big Daddy?

If I am right, then McGovern is trying out for the wrong play. We are not casting the Moses to lead us out of the desert, but the chief officer of a bank in which we are all depositors!

McGovern's much-noted vulnerability supposedly stems from certain shifts he has made in his positions. Apart from the fact that in comparison to Nixon's shifts he has steered a very straight course, the truth is that whether it be McGovern, Roosevelt, Lincoln or any of the other messianic-type leaders we have raised up, their visions have always been rather vague about details. After all, Roosevelt campaigned in 1932 on a platform of fiscal responsibility and a balanced budget and within a hundred days of his Presidency was the biggest spender in history. Lincoln was by no means the favorite of abolitionists because of his equivocal utterances on the slavery question, and so forth. I wonder if in reality people can't quite home in on McGovern because he is always laying such emphasis on hopefulness, on the need to trust ourselves and other peoples, on our optimistic side. It may be that we are a far jumpier country than McGovern bargained for and we are casting a jumpy President.

For if Mr. Nixon produces one fundamental effect it is his defensiveness, his caution, even his suspiciousness. Of course, he speaks of confidence and he bids us to share it; but this in theatre is what we call "acting out the words." The human truth is not in what he is saying, but what his body and soul are doing and it is the latter — the actor — rather than the script, which penetrates to the people.

Strangely, the contradictions in the Nixon script don't seem to matter. For example, he comes on as a strict constructionist of the Constitution. If this phrase has any meaning, it is that the basic tenets of the Constitution must not be stretched beyond their more obvious limits. Yet, despite the rigors of the Bill of Rights, the Justice Department in this administration has had to call it quits on case after case because the Department itself had been judged in violation of the wire-tapping prohibitions which, by Supreme Court edict, stem directly from the Constitution. But, of course, this does not hurt the President's credibility because the word "strict" in the public mind has nothing to do whatever with the Constitution, but with punishing demonstrators, blacks and other rebels instead of treating them as protesting citizens.

The trick is to look strictly constitutional and use a kind of absolute tone of voice to deliver a speech which is really conveying that you do not intend to be even-handedly strict excepting with people nobody likes. What people hear when they hear "strict" is that the President is going to get after the muggers. And the fact that the muggers go right on mugging, while deplorable, would be even worse if the President did not keep on telling us how strict he is.

Now McGovern, by all the signs, has no more sympathy for criminals than Nixon, but he doesn't talk about being strict, so people evidently feel safer with Nixon. Having taken the gamble of appealing to our much-celebrated open-heartedness, optimism, and hopefulness rather than our fears, McGovern comes on as a bit too naive and trusting compared to Nixon, who has made his political career out of issuing warnings. So it may be understandable that the issues mean so little. Perhaps we are not voting for or against anything but tone of voice, a spiritual attitude. In theatrical terms, the actors have taken over and the script no longer has any importance — they are simply improvising around their won personalities and sometimes even say the same

things — but in one case with an emphasis on fearlessness and in the other on trust.

The whole business of appealing to the people to believe you are what you are impersonating is, of course, the basis of theatre, and I think sometimes that it is all that is left of our politics! Or our lives, for that matter. After all, we are the most entertained people in human history. Automobiles, which were once designed for transportation, are now designed as objects of entertainment, and they are merchandized as forms of entertainment. College professors who once advanced on the basis of scholarly excellence now move up the ladder because they are more entertaining. The news itself has to be entertaining. No matter what his genius as a reporter and political analyst, no four-foot dwarf is ever going to take over Walter Cronkheit's position. And entertainment has nothing to do with the truth, but everything to do with palatability. If you take a glance at the Lincoln-Douglas debates which once electrified this country, it is unimaginable that such long and closely-reasoned speeches could ever be listened to in our time. It is impossible to sustain attention that long. And besides, who would listen to a five-foot shrimp arguing with a bearded scarecrow whose arms were too long for his sleeves?

What we want now is the theatrical impression of a man successfully impersonating integrity, and on two crucial occasions in our recent history we have made decisions based almost totally on such impressions, one being Nixon's Checkers Speech and the other Eagleton's revelation of his medical past.

In effect, Nixon in 1952 was accused of financial corruption. More particularly, that he had not informed Eisenhower of a deal he had made which while not illegal was less than exemplary. Eagleton similarly, was in effect having to explain not only his medical history, but how he had failed to inform McGovern of its existence before he was named Vice Presidential candidate. For both men their moral integrity was at stake.

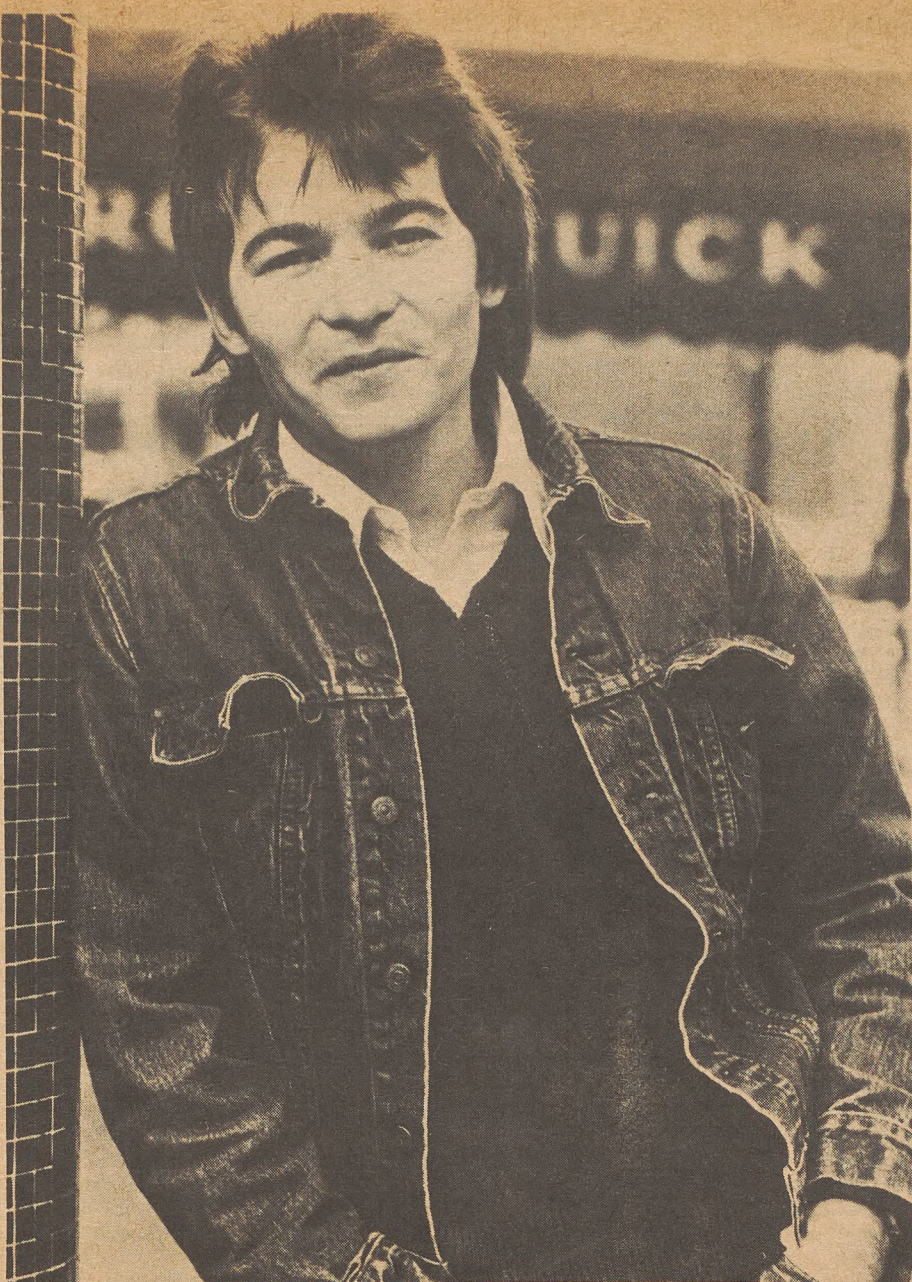
It is not unfair to say that neither man could or did prove himself innocent or guilty. Put theatrically, the facts, the script itself was the least of it, and the acting everything. What Nixon managed to do was simply to change the subject from the charge itself to whether or not it was permissible for him to have accepted his cocker spaniel as a gift from an admirer; and he actually introduced the United States to his dog. And there was no question about it — the dog had nothing but admiration for him. Not since Romulus and Remus were suckled by the Roman wolf has the canine been so crucial to mankind.

But dogless Eagleton was less fortunate. Like most Americans, he was feeling guilty for having had a period of depression, and worse yet, for having sought medical help. At any rate, our values were tested and the outcome was that we could trust a man who might or might not be corrupt, but we could not trust a man who had known despair. It was the kind of test which Warren Gamaliel Harding could have passed with flying colors, but which Abraham Lincoln would certainly have failed. And what this tells about our inner attitudes I think, is that we are far more apprehensive than we are confident of ourselves; and that what we want in a political leader is enough larceny, enough insensitivity to permit him to do our dirty work for us, to fight dirty in a dirty world.

If it were otherwise, the ITT and Watergate affairs would have had the Republican administration on the ropes by this time, but it is not. When Sherman Adams could not explain having accepted a fur coat — I believe it was — for his wife in exchange for some favor, Eisenhower in effect fired him. Now some of the President's closest lieutenants are caught redhanded, carrying out political espionage against the only other party open to the American people to voice their opposition to the Administration, and Mr. Nixon does not even feel called upon to accept the responsibility which inevitably falls to him as his Party's chief, and to come before the people with an explanation. The Watergate bugging is, at bottom, an expression of contempt for the democratic process; if the main opposition party is not to be secure against the formidable power of government and a wealthy party in power in their attempts to stifle its organizing attempts by espionage; if the democratic debate of the issues is to be crippled by police-state methods, and above all, if this is not enough to arouse the people, the press and honest men in both parties to demand an accounting by the President, then we have given consent to the gutting of democracy's content and are left with the empty form. I am not using the police-state analogy lightly. In Russia, in Greece, in Spain, in any country where political freedom exists only at the pleasure of the regime, it is standard procedure to infiltrate whatever opposition begins to organize itself with agents and provocateurs and spies.

History will decide whether in fact his administration exceeds others in its toleration

Continued on Page 14



JOHN PRINE

THE WORKING CLASS HERO

"Can you make a U-turn?"

"Can I make a ewe turn? Well, no. But I can make her eyes bug out."

John Prine [overheard in a conversation with himself, last spring]

By Kirk Cheyfitz

A little over two years ago a Chicago mailman named Prine shucked his heavy leather mail sack and foreswore the completion of his appointed rounds. He picked up a guitar, stepped out onto a stage and walked into something that the record industry talks about a lot, but rarely ever sees: overnight success. ("It happened just like it does in the movies," John says.)

John Prine grew up in a working-class family in a decaying Chicago suburb. At 16 he learned how to pick a little guitar. Urged on by the approbation of high school English teachers, he started to write stories. ("... short, short stories. I like to get to the plot real soon and get the thing over with...") And then he put his stories and guitar together and sang some songs. But all this he did strictly for himself. ("... for my own sake. I never played for no one else."), and, from the outside at least, it never seemed the main focal point of his life.

After five years in high school, ("I was screwing around a lot."), he got his now famous job with the Post Office. A year and a half later, he was drafted into the Army and did a two year hitch in Germany. After his discharge, frustrated ("I felt like shit when I got out of the army."), feeling that he had wasted at least part of his life, he came home to Chicago.

At 22, with no particular trade and no easily marketable skills, with an emptiness inside left over from those years in the service, and possibly from the years before that, John Prine got married, got a job, and began to live his adult life. Delivering the mail, maybe humming to himself, and returning at night to his wife and their tiny apartment.

Then, one night, at age 24, he got up on that stage. For John it was an experiment; an experiment to which he was, seemingly, not even committed ("... when I finally had enough nerve to sing on stage, it was such a good reaction that I kept on doin' it. Other-

wise I don't think I would ever have gotten back up on stage again.") But the experiment worked. The people liked him. And John continued on. ("My father was the only one who asked me to think twice about it. But he was real pleased once he saw how everything was going.")

Luck was with him. A few months after his debut two gentlemen from the outside world came upon John Prine, and, like almost everyone else, they liked him. Paul Anka, one of the men, signed Prine to a management contract (he also signed John's good friend Steve Goodman).

The other outside gentleman was Kris Kristofferson. Kris went literally crazy over John Prine, and, in a certain sense, he has done more for Prine than anyone. According to John, it was Kristofferson who took Prine's songs around to all his heavy musical friends and acquaintances and got them to record those songs. Al Bunetta, Prine's travelling manager, says, "Kris talks about John and his music 24 hours a day. They're the best of friends."

While Kristofferson ranged the country spreading the good word, Anka took his would-be stars (Prine and Goodman) to New York to attack the nuts and bolts problem of a recording deal. Certain sources maintain that first Anka brought both Prine and Goodman to Budha Records. Budha signed Goodman (and later Anka himself), but left Prine.

Whatever happened, Prine ultimately was taken to Atlantic Records. In a rare (to the music business) show of sensitivity Atlantic executive Jerry Wexler commemorated the event by sending John a book of Ring Lardner's short stories with a letter attached noting the similarity in tone between Lardner and Prine. John felt understood and signed with Atlantic.

In an era of hard professionalism where the myth of overnight stardom was long ago replaced by the myth of dues-paying and hard

work (The current "word" in the music business is that it takes an average of ten years to "make it" in the music business.) it is interesting to look at a man who seems to have gotten where he is so easily.

Casting about for explanations, one immediately notices luck, which was mentioned previously, and Kris Kristofferson, also mentioned previously. Luck needs (or at least admits of) no explanation. You either have it or you don't. Kristofferson, on the other hand, is a different story.

Kris Kristofferson: "Nashville's only Rhodes Scholar" (as Cerphe put it so succinctly on WHFS). The man who mumbles monosyllables on the Dick Cavett Show in a successful attempt to hide the fact that he is articulate; a product of the best education the world can offer; a sophisticated, well-travelled, well-read scholar.

Kristofferson: the country-struck city boy with the golden throat. One of the few surviving players of the "Funkier-than-Thou-Game."

Although it would be difficult to prove, it seems simple enough to assume that Kris Kristofferson took one look at John Prine and saw everything that he wanted to be, but was cut off from by the fact of who he is. Prine is the genuine article; not a carefully constructed simulacrum, but a real representative of the people. Prine really is basically uneducated and, when he is not singing, barely articulate. Prine is essentially natural. For Prine, his music is the only articulation of his feelings that he can offer. When he talks, it comes out awkward and unfinished. John Prine doesn't feel that he has to put his hand over his mouth to sound real.

So Kristofferson saw the fulfillment of his own elusive self-image in Prine and gave Prine the only thing he could: notoriety. Kristofferson made it possible for Prine always to remain gracefully bashful. Prine would never have to chase Johnny Cash around in circles to get him to record one of his songs. Kristofferson saw to it that fame would pursue Prine, and so saved him from the more normal but less fortunate fate of pursuing fame.

Today, at 26, John Prine has ascended from the post of Chicago mailman to that of "exclusive Atlantic Records recording artist." If luck and Kris shared in getting him there, the general public should send them both grateful postcards, because Prine is good. As it was in the beginning, people who hear him like him. So the only problem is getting him heard.

Beyond that there is only one more pit that John Prine might fall into, and unfortunately the Atlantic promo people seem to be pushing him fairly hard straight into it. The pit is forced miscasting.

Atlantic is sending around a beautifully printed bio of Prine with the large headline "IN THE TRADITION OF BRANDO, DEAN, DYLAN." Don't believe it. It ain't so. That's not where John Prine's power lies.

The men whom Atlantic has cited as Prine's traditional forebears were all, first of all, extreme characters. They all, early in their careers, represented a violent departure from society. They all had (or projected) a fiery personal vision of the world and how to change it or destroy it (or themselves) if it wouldn't change. And they were all deeply committed to their personal success. Brando studied at Actor's Studio and broke his back working off Broadway and summer stock to get where he got. Dylan was turned down twice by every record company in New York and thrown out of almost every club in the Village. But Dylan persisted.

John Prine is relaxed and gentle. His songs are much more observation than personal vision. He preaches no gospel. He envisions no apocalypse. He seems, in fact, relatively uninvolved in both the characters in his songs and his own mission in singing about them. Prine is something that Brando, Dean, and Dylan never were: simple. Prine's music is very much of this society, not a departure from it. It is to be taken at face value: a neutral medium through which we can see our world as it is more clearly. Analyse it, construe it as protest, and it will soon fall apart.

Last week, at Max's Kansas City in New York, Bob Gibson a truly great old folk singer, was taking requests when someone shouted out "Do 'Sam Stone'."

Gibson looked out, searching for the face that had made the request. "I'm glad you asked for that song," he said. "It's a great song and I love to do it and John Prine is a great writer. But, ya know, it's weird." Gibson paused to let everyone think about how weird it really was. "This guy is, like, a mailman from Chicago. Never had any friends who were junkies or died of overdoses. Didn't know anything about all of that. Tell me. How could he write that song?" Another pause. "And me. Tell me how I can sing it. I've never been a mailman." Everyone laughed, but the house sat very quiet as Gibson did the song.

John Prine's power is that he lets us all be mailmen, just like him.

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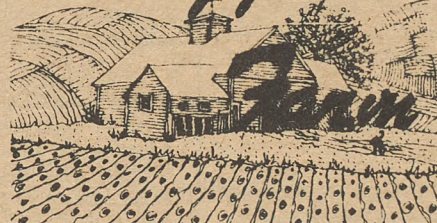
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PERFORMANCE

Items...

The Eisenhower Theatre, in a continuing effort to expand the scope of its offerings, has opened a Spanish-language production of YERMA, a tragedy by one of Spain's greatest playwrights, Garcia Lorca. It is the tragedy of a peasant woman who finds herself married to a farmer who has no desire for children, while she has a longing which grows to such frenzied proportions that she is forced to find an at least unquestionable answer to the problem of her barrenness.

For those hoping to see the pace-setting Hal Prince musical FOLLIES, scheduled for the Opera House next season — bad news — it's been cancelled — reason: unexpectedly bad business on the west coast caused early closing and thus the end of its tour. . . in its place the new musical WILD, based on Fielding's book JONATHAN WILD is now pencilled in — it had been cancelled because it wasn't going to be ready for its previously scheduled date in the Opera House next month . . . in its place in November the Opera House will present another pre-Broadway drama based on the Lincolns, this one is called THE LAST OF MRS. LINCOLN. . . American Ballet Theatre will present a world premiere during its up-coming engagement: SEA INTERLUDES, choreographed by Alvin Ailey; Washington premieres include Eliot Feld's INTERMEZZO, and Denis Nahat's SOME TIMES. . . LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET, seen here last season at the Washington Theatre Club opened in New York and promptly closed after six performances, period. . . DUDE, the expected follow-up of HAIR in the line of new styled musicals, has opened to less than enthusiastic notices, with music and book by HAIR's Galt MacDermot and Gerome Ragni, it's subtitled THE HIGHWAY LIFE, and played in an especially re-designed theatre, they put the stage over the orchestra pit, part of the audience on the stage, and hung the orchestra in left field; trouble with the show was indicated when the original director and choreographer were fired and HAIR's director Tom O'Horgan was called in. . . wait'll Broadway sees PIPPIN. . . J.A.Q.

A TENTH OF AN INCH MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

Back Alley Theatre

By John Reap

The classic Zen metaphor is the sound of one hand clapping, and it is unfortunately applicable to Back Alley's excursion into Zen plays. The evening is made up of two one-act plays and a prologue, and only the exuberance of Yardley Von and Clayton Anderson redeem the second of the plays and snatch the evening back from stultifying boredom.

The plays were written by Rolf Forsberg, who has demonstrated an appalling failure to understand the nature of theatre, since his plays could only have a chance for success on film. Worse, he has actually managed to make Zen seem tedious and didactic. But the fault is not entirely his. John B. Wentworth's direction of GOTAMI THE FRAIL, the first play, fails even to attain the mere level of competence, allowing blackouts for scene changes to drag on until it seems that a third of the play is scene changes. A better play than Forsberg's could not survive this constant disruption. The core of the problem, I think, is that the play has been over-produced that the sets and props have become more important than the drama — an understandable shift of emphasis in this case.

Back Alley has succeeded in establishing its value both to the community and the theatre scene, and its greatest strength is its willingness to take chances. The occasional failures are to be expected, but I hope any future failures will be less dismal.

THE SPREAD EAGLE PAPERS

Washington Theatre Club

By Jay Alan Quantrill

As revues go, the Spread Eagle series that is the creation of the Washington Theatre Club and into its seventh edition, have not always been the most biting or wittiest or even the most entertaining. But this year's, called aptly THE SPREAD EAGLE PAPERS, sets a new mark against which all others (and I'm sure there'll be many more to come) will be judged. This newest of the wild bird broadsides at Washington's biggest industry has more style and sophistication than many a show of late. It's a "smart-set" style and the humor has sprinklings of wit, a large helping of wry, and a full measure of charm. The

satire is more often aimed at than hitting the mark, and the bite is more a nibble — but in the end it all comes down to a well planned evening of hilarity and fun at the expense of all that is political.

Sue Lawless, Listerine's own meter maid, and Washington's favorite comedienne, has directed the whole shooting match besides collecting and selecting and arranging and in many cases guiding the creation of the individual numbers. It is a special credit to Sue that this year's show has as much style and real honest laughter as it does. She is no stranger to the gag business and the nitery sketch scene, having for a number of years been the broader half of a night spot team known as Sue and Pugh (Pugh is Ted Pugh who appeared here last season in the touring company of Merrick's PROMISES, PROMISES). Add to this years of regular theatre experience as an actress, writer, and director, and her veteranship of many of the Spread Eagle series, and you can see she's the right one for the job. And she did!

Her right hand man is the musical director Richard de Mone, and a better man would be hard to find. The vocal work displayed during the performance was in most cases exceptional and all to the credit of this young man who was often seen to be singing along. He plays a wicked set of ivories and knows how to form a neat group out of a handful of diverse personalities.

The cast, seven youngish performers (I'm terrible at guessing ages, never coming closer than a generation), is uneven at best. Part of this may be due to the material. But then I don't want to be too kind or too understanding (or too hard on the writers). The outstanding performer of the evening is Ken Olsson. A kind of Phil Silvers without the sneer. Mr. Olsson has the kind of presence and innate sense of timing and style that serves him well, every moment he's on-stage. Rarely was there a dull moment when he was holding focus. His brand of humor is natural, easy, and born out of the warmth of character-exaggerations for the love of them, not out of any superimposed technique. William McClary, who is a hometown boy who's been seen around the area in every kind of theatrical endeavor you can imagine. His presence on the stage at the Washington Theatre Club is proof of the slowly but surely growing opportunity for actors to make a living in residence in Washington's growing theatre scene. His talents, like those of another cast member, Mickey Hartnett, seem particularly geared toward this kind of production. Both have the full range of singing-dancing-acting talents required to fill in whatever may be called for. Ronn Robinson and Ann Clements made the proper kinds of impressions whenever they were on stage.

The material, however, is another thing. Selected from the offerings of scores of writers, the songs and dances seemed the weakest link in the whole works. The sketches ranged from first rate satire to the worst kind of fall-flat-on-our-collective-faces type attempt at humor you can imagine. The two best scenes, one by Richard O'Donnell called C.H.O.M.P. and one by Norm Kline, called Who Would Write Something Like That, both featured Ken Olsson. The first satirized American space/military plans and is nothing short of hilarious in its discussion of a plan to bring home the moon. The second involves a disillusioned suburbanite, upon who's Buick someone has written an obscene phrase, FUCK YOU, from which he can hardly bear the indignation. His wife asks if it was done in magic marker, "You never know who's running around with a magic marker these days." To which the broken man answers, "No, with a stencil. . . a stencil and — (go see for yourself. I don't want to ruin everything!)

The opening of act two features a hilariously conceived, exceptionally well staged, perfectly performed — under the musical direction of Mr. de Mone — NIXON ORATORIO. This you must savor for yourself. Along side these gems are a number of really dull, dull pieces.

The first act in particular abounds in thuds and duds. A few of the pieces, it must be admitted, don't work because they are not performed well; occasionally the staging seems too flat, but more often than not it's just writers' cramps. Most noticeable are MINORITY REPORT, SARGENT SHRIVER, METRO, and on and on. But in the tradition of the director who knows how to mold and hold, the second act has very few bad moments and makes up for whatever evils were perpetrated in the first.

THE ROTHSCILDS

National Theatre

The National Theatre is now presenting the touring production of THE ROTHSCILDS, a big musical about the rise from poverty to international prestige of the family of Mayer Rothschild. He began in Frankfurt in the days when Germany was a collection of principalities; he served his prince and trained the five sons with which he was blessed. He trained them in banking, commerce, and diplomacy. All this he did while living in the ghetto, a real ghetto. . . the kind which is fenced and locked and to which all the Jews and aliens were forced to go at curfew; this and other such representative measures were part of ghetto life in the late 18th Century. Mayer Rothschild deployed his sons to build a fortune and an empire, not of land, but of economics. He succeeded, and his descendants attempted to win the freedom and equality of their people by using their fortune. It was not the most successful venture of their careers.

Now this is a story that is interesting. It has a number of rich characters and a lot of good scenes. But the musical version of this story by Sherman Yellen, with music and lyrics by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, makes mince meat of the whole project. Actually mince meat is spicier. The whole project seems to have been conceived as a follow-up to the phenomenally successful FIDDLER ON THE ROOF which boasts a nice score by Bock and Harnick. ROTHSCILDS has five sons leaving the father and building a fortune. FIDDLER had five girls breaking away from the father and tradition to a new sort of life. Like Tevye, FIDDLER's milkman father of five, Mayer Rothschild has epithets and proverbs and witticisms for every occasion. Yet Mayer's come less form his experience than Tevye's and more from the stilted pen of the librettist.

The direction of THE ROTHSCILDS is equal to the dated sentimentality of the material, and just as anachronistic and hackneyed. The score is often pleasant though not exhilarating, especially in the hand of Theodore Bikel, who sees both Mayer and Tevye as part and parcel of the same character and plays them that way — pitifully. He may feel the emotion of the scene, but he fails to communicate it to the audience in any genuine, recognizable way. Reid Shelton who plays four major characters, works hardest and succeeds the most. He doesn't quite differentiate all of his parts clearly, but the conglomerate amounts to an achievement of no small proportions. His Prince Metternich gave some of the most convincing moments of the whole evening.

Visually, the show is a mishmash. Perhaps it's only the touring company versions of the scenery, but the placement of four dull pillars in front of three ghetto houses does not succeed in conveying a palace setting. And the juxtaposition of rich and poor costumes, instead of making a point, made a mess. In fact, the whole effort seems almost not worth the doing. And this play ran for about a year and a half in New York. I can only hope that the sets were better, the acting superior and the patrons hungry for almost anything. Otherwise, New York audiences are certainly in bad shape.

J.A.Q.

GODSPELL [REVISITED]

Ford's Theatre

By John Reap

GODSPELL recently celebrated its 200th performance, and its run has been extended through December 3, but I would not be surprised to see it hanging on at the turn of the year: GODSPELL could easily turn out to be the longest running show in Washington

history. This has apparently raised some questions about the unique status of Ford's Theatre as the only theatre owned and run by the federal government; on Interior Department heavy wondered to the press whether Ford's should actually be in competition with privately owned theatres and others have questioned the value of restricting a federal theatre to a single show for eight months or more. These criticisms might be valid in New York, where a long run is what everybody's aiming for, but Washington is a city that suffers from a try-out-run theatrical personality — every theatre in town operates on a limited-run schedule. A long-running show is a healthy addition to the DC scene and the possibility that some bureaucrat might get the idea that government-subsidized arts need not be a losing proposition — the mind boggles.

I recently went back to take another look at this phenomenon (and during the intermission I noticed other people talking about how many times they'd seen it). I must admit that I went looking for flaws, suspicious of anything as popular as GODSPELL has become. But it's a really strong show and I think I enjoyed it even more this time.

The key to GODSPELL's success is its total theatricality. The music is pleasant and occasionally dramatic, but not very memorable. The book is faithfully drawn from the Gospel of St. Matthew and is generally made up of acted-out parables, but it lacks the inherent conflicts that we have come to expect of drama. Yet the show works, and works brilliantly. This is the only professional show I've ever seen that gets standing ovations, and it gets them regularly.

The success of the production must be allocated between the director(s?) and the cast. Nina Faso, the director for this version of GODSPELL, had been the assistant to John Michael Tebele (who wrote the book) when he directed it in New York; under these circumstances it is hard to know where the credit is due, but the show is brilliantly staged. The cast is spectacularly enthusiastic and their joyfulness bubbles over and intoxicates the audience.

The nature of the show works against singling out individuals, for each member of the cast is given a "bit" in which to shine, but I must mention Dean Pitchford, who portrays Jesus, and Irving Lee. Pitchford manages to remain the focus of the production without seeming to impose himself on it — his Jesus is a modest and self-effacing fellow who can be strict but never stern. But the killer-diller performance is turned in by Lee, who rises to the fore as he becomes Judas, hating himself for betraying Jesus but literally boxed into his fate. Throughout the performance the cast have acted like clowns, which is where much of the play's charm derives, as they have cavorted in their clown-masks doing broad impersonations of stock figures like Cagney and Durante, but as the climactic crucifixion scene approaches (and the clowns have taken off their make-up), Lee, as Judas, takes on the role of Ringmaster and transforms the joy that has dressed the stage into a totally theatrical macabre foreboding.

So what it comes down to is that this is one hell of a good show. If you're really into live theatre you've probably already seen GODSPELL, or if you haven't, one more review won't get you there. But if you've never seen professional live theatre, or have only gone to plays very occasionally, you really ought to see this show, if only to realize the true differences between movies and theatre.

One last note — the night I saw the show two understudies played and they were as good as anybody else. If I hadn't seen the show before, I doubt if I'd have realized who they were. What this means is that the whole cast is working together, helping one another out in company fashion. And that is high praise.

WHERE	WHAT	WHEN
Professional Theatre	THE CREATION OF THE WORLD AND OTHER BUSINESS	Mon Nov. 11
Lincoln Center	THE CREATION OF THE WORLD AND OTHER BUSINESS	Tue Nov. 12
Ford's	TOTAL ECLIPSE	Mon Nov. 5
Ford's	GODSPELL	Tue Nov. 6
National Theatre	THE ROTHSCILDS	Mon Nov. 21
National Theatre	SLEUTH	Tue Nov. 22
Open House	NATIONAL BALLET	Mon Nov. 23
Open House	AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE	Tue Nov. 24
Washington Theatre Club	THE SPREAD EAGLE PAPERS	Mon Oct. 29
Lincoln Center	THE SPREAD EAGLE PAPERS	Tue Oct. 30
American Union	A CRISIS OF PLAYERS	Mon Oct. 28
Catholic Univ.	JULIUS CAESAR	Tue Oct. 29
Georgetown Univ.	THE RESISTANCE OF ARTURO UI	Mon Oct. 29
Back Alley Theatre	A TENTH OF AN INCH MAKES A DIFFERENCE	Tue Nov. 19
Black American Theatre Co.	FIVE ON THE BLACK HAND SIDE	Mon Oct. 22

LONGHAIR

By LOUIS C. FANTASIA

Patrick Hayes, the elder statesman of music in the Nation's Capital has brought to the concert hall of the Kennedy Center two opposite musical organizations, without batting an eye. Perhaps for this we should appoint him ambassador to the U.N.

Mr. Hayes opened the concert season of the Washington Performing Arts Society with a memorial concert by the Israel Philharmonic, under the direction of Zubin Mehta and followed it on the next two nights with concerts by the Munich Bach Choir and Orchestra.

It was less than a month ago that these two geographic indicators — "Israel" and "Munich" were the key words linked to terror and tragedy at the Olympics, and in the greater world scheme. Last week, in the concert hall, these two indicators were the symbols and landmarks for the culture of the Jew and the German.

The Israeli Philharmonic has played uninterruptedly for more than twenty years, through the second World War, through the Six Day War, and for many of those years, without a permanent conductor and music director. An orchestra council, elected by the players, meets to choose the conductor and programs they would like to play, works out the details both musically and administratively. Even during the Six Day War, subscription audiences packed the hall to hear this orchestra play. Like the Israeli nation, the orchestra members came from around the world — many of them from Germany — and their heritage, their training and their style of performing is in the best European tradition.

Guest artist with the orchestra was violinist Itzak Perlmann, who gave a solid performance of the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto. Perlmann, I understand, was not allowed to watch the rest of the concert from the auditorium, because he did not have a ticket and the strict security for the night made that a requirement for everybody.

Felix Mendelssohn was the grandson of the important German-Jewish philosopher Moses Mendelssohn. Under the watchful eye of his well educated and cultured parents, the talents of young Mendelssohn blossomed early and much of the music for which we know him was written before he was twenty. As important as his compositions are today, he was best known to his contemporaries as an exceptionally gifted pianist and one of the first important conductors. A monumental contribution on his part as a conductor was his frequent — and solid — performances of the major works of J.S. Bach.

The major work of the evening was the Symphony No. 1 in D (the Titan) by Gustav Mahler. Mahler (described by Hans von Bulow as "the serious energetic Jew from Budapest") certainly was a titan of a composer and conductor. During the height of that city's anti-Semitic rush, Mahler built the Vienna Opera to its present level of greatness. He was a tyrant on the podium and his stormy personal life made for many backstage stories. The inner conflict between his nascent Judaism and his profound interest in Catholicism produced not only great suffering for the man, but great and powerful music for the generations to come. (Primary in this is the Eighth Symphony, and its theme of salvation). His first symphony, however, is a youthful, song-filled piece, filled with equal parts of gloom and triumphant hope. Originally the work had five titled movements, in two parts: From The Days of Youth (The Awakening of Nature; Blumine; Under Full Sail), and The Human Comedy (The Hunter's Funeral; From Hell to Heaven). The titles and the lovely Blumine movement were dropped by Mahler in later years, to regain popularity only in the late 1960's. Metha's performance was a bit on the showy side, playing the piece for fire and brimstone a little too much and leaving out the depth which Mahler wrote in even as a young man.

[A footnote here: The last time I heard this symphony performed in Washington, it was in Constitution Hall and the orchestra was the Moscow Philharmonic. I remember this well, because the evening was marred by a JDL demonstration of klaxon horns and leaflets thrown on the stage. Whether actions be symbolic and rude, as this was, or symbolic and tragic as were the Olympic slayings, they stem from the same attitudes of hate which have no place in the concert hall — either on the stage or in the audience. When you think about it, it has no place outside the hall, either.]

Not being a theologian, I might state this rather badly, but the point of faith which separates Christians from Jews is that a man

named Jesus, who lived on this earth was truly the Messiah. Within that Christian belief, the most important event is the Easter Passion; Christ was "crucified, died and was buried; and on the third day He arose again to judge the living and the dead."

There are four accounts of this in the Bible, each of which was set by J.S. Bach to music. Of these only two have survived, The St. John and the St. Matthew Passions, named according to the Gospel from which they are taken.

Karl Richter has lived with Bach. The founder and conductor of the Munich Bach Choir and Orchestra, he probably knows more about how to perform the choral work of the God-fearing Protestant kappelmeister than any man alive. He certainly proved it at the Kennedy Center by conducting and playing the continuo for these massive works from memory, with sensitivity and respect.

It was the Choir — in the simple, yet profoundly moving chorales — which provided the inspirational moments of the evening. The Choir is a perfect instrument, in tune, balanced and played with precision. The small orchestra provided excellent accompaniment and background, although Richter could have gotten a little more brilliance out of them without spoiling his basically conservative approach to Bach. With the exception of Tenor Ernst Heiflinger, the soloists were adequate but not outstanding, as he was.

The St. Matthew, the longer and more frequently performed of the two, was first performed in Leipzig on Good Friday, 1729, and while the congregation sang along in the chorales, they were shocked by the theatricality of the setting. There is cloud music and thunder music and music for the crowing of the cock and music for scourging of Christ. Bach's musicianship is all that saves the sentimental mysticism of so many of his contemporaries. The main themes of the oratorio, taken from French and German popular love songs, are transformed into love-songs of the ecstatic religious.

Six years earlier, in 1713, Bach had, also in St. Thomas's, performed his St. John's Passion a brooding work, more meditation than dramatization of the Passion of Christ. Here the music of Bach reaches its greatest heights in the two touchstones of religious music: in the arioso, BETRACHTET, MEINE SEEL, he sets the woes of man to their most beautiful accompaniment, he is the loving celebrant; while in the last chorale, ACH HERR, LASS DEIN LIEB ENGELN, he is the supreme comforter. This is not to say that the St. John is the perfect Passion. Rather it is a work of extremes containing some of Bach's most perfunctory music.

But it is in its heights of praise and glorification of the wonders of God, in His creation and His Son, that the music of Bach and Mahler, as technically different as they can possibly be, find their common greatness, a greatness which transcends the political bickerings of mundane men and nations.

NATIONAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA OPENS

Just who does Antal Dorati think he is? Doesn't he know that he is (to put it politely) a middle-aged Hungarian, trained in the most European tradition. He is supposed to be a big-time Haydn interpreter.

Then what's he doing thinking he is an all-American boy wonder? Well, anyway, he did it and got away with it Oct. 10 as the National Symphony Orchestra opened its season at the Kennedy Center with an all American program which featured two world premieres and an exciting version of Charles Ives' HOLIDAYS Symphony.

Dorati conducted the orchestra with vigor and spirit; the music has a sense of youthfulness and vitality to it that such boy wonders as M. Tilson Thomas and such would do well to emulate. The NSO handled the music presented to it with assuredness and care, playing it with as much confidence and style as they would Brahms (which is on for the next week).

The program opened with a hefty curtain raiser called Dithyramb for Large Orchestra. The composer, Steven Burton, is on the music faculty at Catholic University and has had works done by other major U.S. orchestras. Burton is a name to watch out for in composers. He will be a great one. The overture, a hymn of praise, made full use of the resources of the orchestra, with much homage to Stravinsky and an enlarged percussion section. Certainly, the NSO would have to look far to find a new piece of this calibre. It should be played often.

The next work on the card did not suffer so well. John La Montaine is an established composer (having won the Pulitzer Prize). Mrs. Jouett Shouse commissioned him to compose a work for the Filene Organ, her gift to the Kennedy Center. La Montaine took his cue from Thoreau in writing a 15-part symphonic journal, based on his own meditations on nature, and their religious import. The work on the whole was tedious and unimaginative, with a couple of movements providing welcome relief (Bullfrogs and Cobwebs). The words sung with precision by Baritone Donald Graham, were more interesting than the music. The Filene organ, a loud Aeolian Skinner piece which proved it could rock the hall and drown out the orchestra, was handled in its pyrotechnics by Paul Calloway, the distinguished director of the Cathedral Society. It's a pity that Mrs. Shouse's generosity could not have inspired a more impressive work.

Antal Dorati opened his concert by facing the audience and leading us in the National Anthem. He closed this concert by turning to us again, as would some congregational leader, and leading the members of the Oratorio Society in the final hymn of praise in Ives Thanksgiving movement of the Holidays Symphony.

This is a work of humor and humanity, incorporating into its four movements (Washington's Birthday; Decoration Day; Fourth of July; and Thanksgiving) quotations from everything from Taps and Reveille, to The Camp Town Races and Columbia the Gem of the Ocean (a favorite of Ives). The work is a bitch to play. The NSO did it two years ago and there is no comparison between performances. This is a landmark performance which must be recorded.

Bravo Dorati, the NSO and (hip, hip, hooray) American Music!

Louis C. Fantasia

JEAN and KENNETH WENTWORTH RECITAL

By Susan Cohn

Mozart got his start back in the Eighteenth Century by giving keyboard duet recitals with

his sister at various courts and palaces. During the Romantic era, large-scale symphonic works were reduced to one-piano, four hands, for study and for home and chamber enjoyment. Today, duet playing is largely the province of pre-teen sister pairs who have the habit of snaring their parents' guests into being recital audiences, so it was a treat to anticipate Jean and Kenneth Wentworth's recital at the National Gallery on October 8. Here would be duet playing at its most polished!

There is a large quantity of music written expressly for piano duet, and the Wentworths chose interesting and little-known pieces. The first half of the program consisted of Mozart's Fantasy in F Minor, K. 608, Chopin's "Variations on a National Air of Moore," and Persichetti's Concerto for Piano Four Hands. All these pieces were played very well, but they weren't presented to their best advantage. Both the Mozart and the Chopin, while technically correct, were rather dull. The Mozart was not at the proper tempo and the Chopin was not milked for all it can give. Persichetti's Concerto is an energetic work, but it demands great clarity, and in this performance, there was only a glom of sound; unless the listener knew the piece, he missed the delightful syncopated rhythms.

Joel Spiegelman's "Kousochki," composed for the Wentworths in 1966, drew the couple to produce wonderful coloristic effects at the keyboard, although the Schubert Variations in A Flat Major, Opus 24, and the Gottschalk "La Gallina" and "Gran Tarantelle, Opus 67" suffered from the same lack of sparkle that characterized the earlier pieces. The recital was good, but it could have been better. It would help if performers presenting unfamiliar music to the generally lay audience would analyze the works so that the listener may be guided in his maiden listening experience. Important phrases should be highlighted and a definite flow should be established. The recital did have its excellence in its aim of presenting original duet music to the public — there is a lot of material there that demands a hearing.

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MOVIES

THE RULING CLASS

Reviewed by Anne Adamcewicz

THE RULING CLASS is a schizophrenic flight into the nebulous retreat of insanity; an absurd trip that winds around the darkened corridors of a mad mind; an excruciating, agonizing personal perception warp; a powerful and mind-boggling peek into the lunacy of sanity and other short subjects.

THE RULING CLASS — now showing at Cerberus 3 and Studio 2 and 3 — is a caustic commentary, film clip, a burlesque and tragi-comedy which is bound to electrify, astound and mesmerize the most secure mind with its irreverence and brutal candor.

And it is good besides.

Peter O'Toole leads the cast as the paranoic schizophrenic heir of the Gurney earldom who, after eight years in a private sanitarium, convinces himself that he is the love god incarnate. Conniving relatives plot to eliminate the madman, but not without seeing to it that he produces a male successor. After the child's birth they intend to set up a permanent return engagement for Jack at the asylum. A German psychiatrist (Michael Bryant) cures Jack of his delusions of benevolent divinity by pitting him against the high voltage god, the electric Christ. Jolted out of his Prince of Peace personality, Jack's muddled mind searches for a stronger identity and seizes upon that of Jack the Ripper.

Peter O'Toole adroitly tightropes the extremely fine line between exuberant, innocent love-lunacy and raving dementia. As the serene love god, O'Toole is ingenious as he speaks to all of His creation and conjuring up plans, such as commanding the Pope to send a plenipotentiary of contraceptives to "the priest-ridden Irish." Yet when experiencing profound negative reactions stemming from well-intentioned warnings concerning the family's scheming, O'Toole brilliantly jerks Jack back into his paranoia. These grim lapses are crucial to the character as they serve as the bitter reminder of Jack's mental disorder. Jack cringes, wild-eyed, then clamors up on his cross to act out his persecution complex.

O'Toole maintains a tight rein on the characterization, playing the maniac with livid intensity — the adrenalin flowing constantly. O'Toole's smooth transitions from moments of lighthearted and refreshing inane to derangement heighten the frightening complexity of Jack's illness.

Alistair Sim plays Jack's uncle-bishop, a bastion of pseudo-religiosity and a high-strung accomplice. Sim's finest moment comes in the wedding scene where he twitches and stutters unable to handle Jack's vow to love his wife forever, from the tip of his toes to the tip of his penis.

Another outstanding comic figure is the Manservant, Tucker (Arthur Lowe) who after inheriting 30,000 Pounds quickly sinks into alcoholism and swaggering insolence. Whereas Sim's hilarious performance relies on heavily convulsive bumbling motions, Lowe delivers snide asides. His disdainful nonchalance, however complements the character of Tucker.

The movie contains some of the most uproariously funny lines ever heard on the screen — says one family member: "I certainly wouldn't want to be in her [the bride's] shoes tonight." Says another: "I don't think that's where He'll [Jack'll] be."

Yet the film is far from being an entertaining comedy. It shuttles madly back and forth between sharp wit and horrifying and grotesque violence. It goes beyond exploring an individual or a class and scrupulously shreds societal and religious pretensions. After his transformation, Jack is readily accepted again by his peers by strenuously proselytizing for the restoration of the hangman's noose as the symbol of Britain. One scene in which Jack delivers a hate-filled speech before the House of Lords depicts the noblemen as rotting cadavers, skeletons and hideous monsters all shrouded by spider webbing. The scene is particularly effective when after the speech, the lords arise and ludicrously burst into the song "Onward Christian Soldiers."

The movie was adapted from the Peter Barnes play by the same title and has retained many of the production numbers, which would have easily fit into a stage production, but are rather awkward on the screen. Luckily, because the movie deals with insanity, the musical numbers seem to add to the overall mood of absurdity.

THE RULING CLASS is the kind of movie that you have to see more than once, but seeing it a third time, you might very easily lose your own mind.

JAZZ NOT FLASH

By Russell A. Chalker

Lately, anyone worth having a lifestyle is busy trying to find their roots. This past year has been full of rock 'n' roll nostalgia and bluegrass (even Jesus) festivals. The reason for this shift comes from people that are jaded. Every day passes with some new electrical

gimmick (both music-wise and business-wise) all trying to create something new and startling. People therefore decided to look back to an earlier time for a lost innocence and for a lower common denominator in music. That is why folk is having a comeback with early rock; they are cleaner, simpler, therefore closer to home.

However, in this search for a lost heritage, many have overlooked one of the major musical roots of today's music, Jazz. Jazz has been looked down on as crude or has been put down because it is elite, neither is true. Jazz refuses to be restricted to formula and has grown more artistically because it has had more time to mature than any other American music.

Downtown Baltimore hasn't been considered a cultural center yet it boasts a club dedicated to bringing good jazz groups at a reasonable price. The Left Bank Jazz Society has been together for several years and has brought most jazz players from Duke Ellington to Roland Kirk and Miles Davis for appreciative audiences at the Famous Ballroom.

From the street (1717 N. Charles), the Ballroom looks uninviting, almost sleazy, with its ancient photos and neon marquee announcing:

Sat. Teen Dance
Sun. Rufus Harley

Once you get inside you are confronted with a dance hall from the '40's, quaint but gauche. The wall and ceiling are painted blue with white clouds and silver stars, the simple stage, though, is the focal point. For that is where it all happens. Once you pick a table and pour a drink (buy it there or bring your own) all you care about is the music. After all that's what the LBJs sells, jazz, not flash, except for the flash of the performer.

Recently they brought the Rufus Harley Quartet to town for a weekend of music at the City Fair and the Md. Penitentiary. However, because of various problems, they didn't get to play anywhere except for the Ballroom. What ensued was a little flash and less music. You see, Rufus has a gimmick, not talent, and that gimmick is the bagpipe. The bagpipe has to be the platypus of musical instruments and Rufus never really justified its use.

While Rufus took unlimited breaks during the set, his backup group (led by Eddie Green on electric piano) played some very competent, though uninspired music. Unfortunately they didn't play much original music, mostly pop tunes like "Sonny," "Windy," and "Moon River" all of which Rufus (euphemistically) jazzed up on his bagpipe. He did blow some sax, which demonstrated why he chose to play bagpipe. There are many people who play the sax and many of them are great, but just how much competition is there in the bagpipe arena outside of Scotland?

When the group didn't play Rufus liked to put on his preaching robe and proceeded to lay down the "truth." He told everyone that the bagpipe is the "truth" and that he's been "catching hell ever since." He said it. He also told how he thought that the bagpipe is the instrument because it "sustains all the notes." Then he tried to link this "cosmic" statement to the black man's culture. He imitated the drone of the bagpipe "oooooooo," then segued into "mmmand a mmmmoaning." If that wasn't heavy enough, later he put on his Mr. Quizz Me cap and asked the audience for questions. Taking the cue one astute man asked, "How about some music?"

Eddie Green was definitely the main one putting down the notes, while Emanuel Hakim was holding his own on drums and bells, with Joe Kearney on a fuzzy electric bass. The band was able to play many types of music; from blues and calypso to gospel ("Swing Low Sweet Chariot") and a little space (badly done Tony Williams) though they never got as spacey as Rufus did. He had to "air out" after every solo and every other song. All in all they had the chutzpah of cotton candy — it looks sweet and solid, but it's mostly air.

In the upcoming Sundays, the LBJs has a lineup well worth seeing if you like jazz or if you want to find out more about it. Don Ellis and his Big Band will be there next Sunday, followed by Donald Byrd Oct. 25, Joe Williams Nov. 12, Charles Lloyd Nov. 26, and on Dec. 17 they end this season with Duke Ellington. Most shows are from 5-9 pm and for any further information, their number is (301) 945-2266.

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LOCAL GROUP

DUBONNETTES

"The greatest tragedy, naturally," murmured Charley Pearson lead singer of the Dubonnettes, "is not being able to hear myself singing."

"Oh, that is too bad," I replied.

"Oh, you must have heard me sing then," was the riposte, rather adroitly turning the intended sarcasm into a compliment.

That was my introduction to the Dubonnettes. My first impression as they gathered about me (for all of them do appreciate the finer things in life) was how just simply too attractive they all were. Of course there were excesses, but they were the most splendid of sort. Michael Stern, late of the Berklee College of Music in Boston, posing languidly as he types out mathematical leads from his old Stratocaster. So angelic with his blonde hair falling to his elbows, Michael occasionally condescends to smile demurely out towards the audience. Alan Adkins, rhythm guitarist, second vocalist and creative force in the group, with the look of an English schoolboy.

"But I thought you were so nice and innocent," I overheard one teary-eyed groupie mutter to him.

"Oh, I was, but now I'm simply nice. One must specialize these days," as he dismissed her.

Jim Sabot, also from Berklee, spectral figure on drums, with a sculptured face, a lion's mane of hair, and a fondness for green chartreuse. And rounding out the group, Rolfe Hanson, the bass player, a Swede with Hellenistic features, intense blue eyes, and long silky hair.

The Dubonnettes have stepped to the stage. Rolfe's long ivory fingers pluck the opening bass riff. Jim starts a counter-rhythm on drums. Now Charley begins to sing. "Working in the Coal Mine." The Dubonnettes music is eclectic. . . early soul, a touch of country, early British; Searchers, Yardbirds, Beatles, and of course, Rolling Stones, and some campy pop. Cathy's Clown and My Boyfriend's Back. But all of their songs, including their original ones, are melodic (in contrast with the cacophonous "heavy" bands) and in the words of who knows how many American Bandstanders, "have a good beat and are easy to dance to."

The audience reaction has been phenomenal. They are most certainly the "in" band in Georgetown. They have been embraced by the neo-aesthete and decadent crowd, but also by anyone else hearing them. Out on the dance floor right now are a couple of Moms and Dads, some bluejeaners, in addition to the regular following of fops and coquettes. Fame has, of course, a way of spreading. A dear friend just back from New York reports having read on the ladies' room wall of Max's Kansas City, "I love the Dubonnettes and David Bowie." But rest assured dear reader that there is no greater fan of the Dubonnettes than

Yours truly,

Lilly Langtree



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COUNTERNOTES

NATIONAL LAMPOON™



RADIO DINNER — National Lampoon
(Banana/Blue Thumb BTS-38)

By Tim Hogan

First off, I cheated. In atypical incognito, my tiny Sony picked up every word that was said. Ha! Ha! The New Nixon Government will pay much for this. O'Donoghue is a well known sicko pervert who uses slick paper to disguise the color of his coat. He lives in NYC, right in the middle and shoots speed under his tongue. He says you not only have to, but you've got to. He smells like an oily salad and smoked thirteen Silva Thins in the hour we spent doing something like this.

And then I cheated on you — actually, it's a smokescreen, Michael doesn't smell, look, or shoot, lives to the left and plays editor of a magazine called National Lampoon in a movie called LIFE. My part in the movie is that of "records" so that beyond humor my connection with Michael O'Donoghue is that he and his friends have a record out called RADIO DINNER, under the name National Lampoon.

Comedy records tend to have a life expectancy of about ten plays per side at top, before they wear thin. With the exceptions of Lenny Bruce, Lord Buckley, the Bonzo Dog Band and a few others, it's basically TV land. George Carlin is alright. Uncle Dirty isn't, but they do pale in the shadow of Bruce where they live. So modern production brought us the concept comedy album and the birth of the Firesign Theatre Cult, the Few Lovers of The Congress of Wonders, and other social obligations. And now, RADIO DINNER.

In my humble opinion as a scab who'll listen to anything once, it's either the best one so far or at least up there. The humor of the magazine, which pleases a half-million subscribers and god knows how many millions readers each issue just had to spill over to wax. Certain things had to be spoken, or, as Michael puts it, "it's an oral record."

Q. Will the next one be an anal record?

A. Well, it's a good idea.

Tony Hendra, who's appeared on the Ed Sullivan Show something just short of ten times works with Michael and is an oral comedian of semi-obscurity. 'Til now! His impression of John Lennon on a cut called "Magical Misery Tour" is a masterpiece. It's the picture that the book APPLE TO THE CORE [Reviewed this issue] is a thousand words to. The dismantling of the Beatles. But the cover is nice, too. An actual radio dinner featuring Vanilla Junket with a cherry in the center. And the record's the same. Plus Chipped Beef on Ritz Crackers. Spiral Grooving. And Diana Reed, who hates Joan Baez because when she sings everybody says she sounds just like Joan Baez, singing just like Joan Baez on a bootleg version of "Pull the Trigger, Niggers" — actually her greatest hit. Naturally, Nixon makes an appearance, running against a Pontiac, ahead by three points. I told Michael and his sidekick Bob, of the fun of going out front on 16th Street, standing on the yellow lines, waving and yelling "Hi, Dicky" when you're high. And he agrees that you can't do that in NYC.

The topic of fanatical fascism in the upcoming four years arose and its possible repercussions on such a magazine as Lampoon and/or college radio stations where the few free souls are who will play records with dirty words or "dirty ideas" over the air. Yes, look for stormy weather, but they won't fuck with a magazine with millions of readers. He hopes. Standing on the yellow lines one summer morning next year, I'm run over by a tank.

There's Bob Dylan (just add water) doing the pitch for a fabulous 2-record set called "Golden Sounds of Protest." And more recently, Pat Boone has a Great Inspirational

and Devotional Songs package.

Michael was expecting a law suit from Joan Baez over the use of her character since she had sued Al Capp over that "Phoney Joanie" routine he used a while back. But the Capp suit was political in an odd sense. O'Donoghue was hoping for one though — he has this neat item on Joanie that he'd like to use and he's looking for a break.

Surprisingly, National Lampoon doesn't get many law suits. Awhile back, they ran a piece on Governor Wallace in which Lurlean comes back from the grave. A call comes in from the Wallace campaign manager and an irate southern voice yells "youall accused Georgie of murder!" Michael has strong convictions about his sense of humor and says both he and she deserve low blows.

While discussing life we ran into cocaine — the drug culture's modern American consumer item. And heroin which according to the papers is only fatal to famous pop stars. And the American game Monopoly — how it's really like "give me all your hotels." And the marijuana culture breakdown where you sit and figure out how many long-haired, red-necks you know. The gas man who never cometh back and why. And about karma. . . keep it clean or watch out. Not clean, but good.

The potato knishes in the neighborhood of Nat Lamp's offices are cut with grass and so is this record. I get flashes of eating my own hype and getting indigestion, but in this case I don't worry cause it's a good thing. If Walter Cronkite heard it — he'd quit.

There'll be more records — Michael is trying to get Mick Jagger to do a straight version of "Ave Maria" backed by the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. And there's plans for a Fifties record with athletics, book reports, proms, dates, etc. And Tony Hendra is getting together some form of a road show which may evolve as a totally new breath for the rock concert ritual. As a bastardization of a thought — "what can you expect from people made by a god that crucified his own son?"

A. National Lampoon

B. RADIO DINNER

SILVERHEAD — (Signpost)

By Bruce Rosenstein

Silverhead is a British hard rock band that puts its best things up front. You know that from looking at their bewitching album cover. Against a white background with the group's name on top, we see the figure of Silverhead's leader, vocalist and songwriter Michael Des Barres. Clad in an orange suit with a glittering vest underneath; hands on hips, fingers spread apart, his body twisted to the left with his white rock and roll star boot out front and a pink pussy cat at his feet and a seductive as hell expression on his face. . . Well, it lets you know whose show this is. The group, the other four Silvers, that is, are pictured on the back.

Michael is the latest entry in the David Bowie, Ray Davies, Marc Bolan, Gary Glitter et al. sweepstakes and he may win it yet. Luckily, he can sing and he can write better than the average rock performer, though he's far from being on Bowie's or Davie's level. And the band behind him rocks with the best of them. He can be trite at times; I don't know why anyone would feel the need to name one of their songs "Rock 'n' Roll Band," since at last count 1,078 have already carried the title, but we have one her. It's a great song nevertheless.

Where his songwriting begins to stand out is on things like "Ace Supreme" and "Long Legged Lisa," where he is writing about a particular milieu: the overhip British (though it could be anyplace) Hippie elite.

Even if you don't happen to be interested in narrow sociological sketches of these subcultures, you can dig Silverhead on the pure drive of their music. Any fan of British hard rock should get this album immediately. You're going to be hearing a lot of Silverhead in the coming months and you're certainly going to be seeing a lot of Michael Des Barres. In either case, you won't be disappointed.

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ON THE STATE OF THE NEW MUSIC

By Stephen Allen Whealton

Serious music, or "classical" music, is diversifying beyond recognition. It now includes such a variety of styles that the category itself approaches meaninglessness. "Classical music" is still the name for opera, concert-hall music, and chamber music; for that great heritage of orchestral, vocal, and instrumental music from the past. This arrangement of things is comfortable and familiar. When it comes to "classical music" being composed today, however, the question of definition becomes important.

It might be argued that terminology is irrelevant; that the music is the only important thing. In fact, it is common for music to be more argued about than enjoyed or even listened to. Nevertheless, people inevitably talk about the sounds they hear. Therefore, they need appropriate words to use in discussing recent musical events and products.

One problem is that of "music" versus "noise"; or "music" versus "sound." The difficulty lies in the question of what is music and what is not. Is electronic sound "music" or isn't it? Even if you like the electronic sounds, can you properly call them musical? The answers depend on how restricted one's definition of "music" is. If the word is defined to include only accepted and traditional ways of making and ordering sounds, then it will exclude many common ways of making sounds. At the other extreme, any manipulation of sounds for artistic purposes could be included in a definition of "music."

Another uncertainty arises from the categorizations within music. That segment usually called "classical music," "longhair music," "serious music," or "straight music," has become almost totally inclusive. While dictionaries and libraries may have made a technical definition of "classical music" which satisfies them, the listening public has not.

Composers, performers, and critics are eager to break down the boundaries which separate various musical genres such as "classical," "jazz," "pop," and "rock." Musical pieces which are presented as "classical" often include influences from one or more "non-classical" musical traditions. The range of borrowings is great. It includes night-club theatrics, ragtime and other early forms of jazz, rock music of almost every variety and vintage, folk music, middle-of-the-road popular music of the "easy listenin'" kind, and the latest experiments of avant-garde jazz.

One of the most interesting mixtures of non-classical influences on classical music is seen in the music of Terry Riley, available on Columbia records listed as "classical." Besides extensive and thorough classical music training Riley had experience playing ragtime piano. Furthermore, he has delved deeply into musical traditions of India. His music blends ragtime and Indian idioms with Riley's own musical ideas. The result is beautiful. It is uncomplicated, directly appealing, and lastingly effective.

Rock music has also been a very attractive lure to classically trained composers, but their success in blending rock with classical music has been less than Riley's. Though rock musicians have taken over classical pieces and put them successfully into their recordings, the opposite procedure has not yet been done well. A good attempt was made by composer Joe Byrd. His first attempt was the formation of a group called the United States of America. This group put out a record which exhibited the influences of rock music, avant-garde classical music of today, and the compositional procedures of early Twentieth Century American composer Charles Ives. The mix didn't work, perhaps because it is an unweildy group of components to try to force together in the first place. On his second try, Byrd made an album called JOE BYRD AND

THE FIELD HIPPIES. This time, Columbia records marketed the disc as "classical," whereas the "United States of America" recording had been called "rock." The polish of the "field hippies" music made it a much more uniform and successful disc than the other one had been, yet it sold no better. While the seams had been professionally sewn among the various musical styles put into the field hippies' recording, the musical result did not jell. The word still awaits the first successful infusing of rock philosophy and rock idiom into classical music.

"Easy Listenin'" music which makes up the majority of what is played in supermarkets, doctors' offices, and on airplanes, has also attracted classical composers. This kind of music has a socially powerful characteristic useful to a classical composer trying to send a message through his work. This "muzak" is the kind of music which is forced down people's ears and scorned thereby. Salvatore Martirano uses these associations in his piece, "Ballad," recorded by Polydor. A pop singer performs "This I Promise," "For All We Know," "You Are Too Beautiful," and similar songs. The musical accompaniment alternates between sounds appropriate for the songs and sounds foreign to them. The composer's intention is to make a statement about musical styles and about the philosophies behind them. Unfortunately, the musical idiom he uses to comment on the banal pop music being held up for commentary is no more comprehensible than are the songs themselves. Despite this failure, Martirano and others continue to use middle-of-the-road music for social commentary.

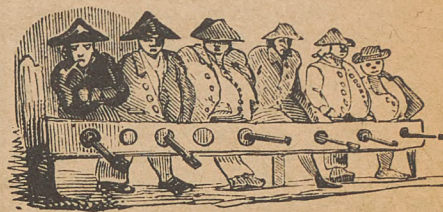
Certainly the most important kind of non-classical influence in the Twentieth Century is that of folk music. Beginning at the turn of this present century, composers began to realize that they could use their country's indigenous folk songs and dances in classical pieces as a way of nationalizing their music. Nationalism was on people's minds during these years. People in many parts of the world were having their first opportunities to be governed by persons of their own ethnic stock from a capital within their own area. Nationalism and an acute awareness of cultural heritage was heightened. Composers participated in this ethnic self-consciousness movement by using folk music.

Most music which came out of this long-lasting mixing process was no more interesting than the mixing of rock or pop music with classical. Because the liaison between folk and

classical music was so much more widespread and because it lasted for such a long time, it naturally produced more excellent results than have the other, later, more limited mixing attempts. Classical settings and harmonizations of folk tunes, or orchestral settings of folk melodies were the commonest manifestations of the folk invasion of classical music. For a few composers, however, the intrinsic nature of the folk tunes was distilled, in a truly basic way. The most outstanding musical infusion of the essence of folk idioms into classical music was in the music of Bela Bartok. Like Terry Riley, Bartok made an amalgam of diverse influences. In his case, folk idioms were blended with several of Bartok's own novel mathematical and musical ideas and with his equally original re-interpretation of classical musical structures and idioms. The result was the best folk-influenced music to appear.

Non-musical art forms and even areas of endeavor totally outside the arts have also influenced classical composers. The most immediately comprehensive influence is that of theater. Theater has, of course, exerted great influence upon classical music throughout history. Recently, though, the influence has taken on a new extremeness. Classical music concerts are sometimes theatric presentations with music added. It is common for an ostensibly musical performance to be almost totally concerned with basically theatric communications, and for the musical components to be minor, both for the composer and for the audience.

The diversity of sound experiences which occur each day are an important fact in our musical life. Some classical composers are recognizing this and are trying to make use of it in their work.



It sounds like a nice day.



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NINE PRINCES IN AMBER

By Roger Zelazny, Avon, 175 pp., \$.75 (paperback)

Reviewed by John Burgess

Roger Zelazny is a very fine writer. He lives in Baltimore and is approaching middle-age. As he grows older his writing improves, his creativity flourishes, his craftsmanship grows more and more masterly.

His first fiction was published in 1954, while he was still in his teens. He started writing s-f [science-fiction] in his twenties. In 1965 he received a Hugo — the most coveted s-f award — for his novel *THIS IMMORTAL*. In 1966, he received two Nebula awards — the next most coveted — for the best novella and novelette. In 1967 he won another Hugo for his incredible novel *LORD OF LIGHT*. *NINE PRINCES IN AMBER* was published by Doubleday, in hardback, in 1970; it has just recently been released in paperback by Avon.

This book has not won any awards, to the best of my knowledge, but it has my vote as one of the most perfect novels I've read. I've enjoyed rereading it several times and reminiscing upon it continually opens new avenues of amazement to me.

For me, amber is a substance, richly brown, in which one often finds insects trapped by slowly flowing resins, at some prehistoric time. *NINE PRINCES IN AMBER* establishes a state of amber as precisely as I could wish.

The story is an analogue for amber. Zelazny's style has the shimmer and sheen of a polished fragment of amber but is rich; inner highlights richly illuminate the characters. These characters themselves are trapped within the mellowness of this fantasy, passing from level to illusionary level in dream worlds, until all action and attention resolves itself in reality: the city of Amber.

But even at fundamental reality there is reflection — as in a piece of amber — in the mirror-city of Rebma.

Before anyone decides that this story is too "artsy-craftsy," let me assure you that *9PIA* is eminently readable. The story-line moves well. In fact, it trucks right along with absolutely no deadspots. The characters are well motivated and completely believable.

As a fantasy, the story is full of princes and princesses, knights in armor, magical patterns, sieges, and a well conceived philosophy. Particularly interesting is the use of the Tarot deck as a vehicle for physical travel.

Perhaps the most fascinating of Zelazny's devices, though, is the contrast he draws between the here-and-now and the always-never of Amber. The principal character, Corwin, is a prince of Amber, but he has been trapped on a shadow-world — Earth — in a condition of amnesia, for the last six centuries or so. On his quest to return to Amber and to press his claim to the throne, he attempts to raise an army from one of the infinite shadow-worlds:

I walked among Shadows, and found a race of furry creatures, dark and clawed and fanged, reasonably manlike, and about as intelligent as a freshman in the high school of your choice — sorry, kids, but what I mean is they were loyal, devoted, honest, and too easily screwed by bastards like me and my brother. I felt like the dee-jay of your choice.

Around a hundred thousand worshiped us to the extent of taking up arms.

Zelazny is a brilliant and sensitive writer — one of the most skilled in all genres. He's well worth the time to read him. I can recommend any of his stories to you, with no qualifications. He's truly a master craftsman of this time and *NINE PRINCES IN AMBER* is an excellent way of discovering this for yourself.

[NOTE: It has just come to my attention that Roger Zelazny will be the Guest of Honor at the 32nd World Science Fiction Convention (DISCON II) to be held at the Sheraton Park Hotel, in Washington, over the Labor Day weekend, 1974. For further information concerning this convention, at which the Hugos will be awarded, write P.O. Box 31127, Washington, D.C. 20031.]

APPLE TO THE CORE by Peter McCabe & Robert D. Schonfeld, Pocket Books, 210 pp., \$1.25, (paperback).

Reviewed by Bruce Rosenstein

APPLE TO THE CORE tells the entire story of the Beatles, from the very beginning of their career to the very end of their time as the Beatles. And it even goes out from there. The important thing about this book is that everything is told. It is a barrage of details. The reader learns exactly how they got to where they were, and how they lost it.

And the way this is accomplished is through people. The authors' study of people

is fascinating. You're not going to get lukewarm feelings about anybody in this book. You get enough information on everyone, (and believe me, there are innumerable characters) to draw clear conclusions. And you may not like what you read, especially if you happen to have dreamy delusions about what the Fab Four may have been like. Practically everyone who ever had anything to do with the band is given some scrutiny, and if you learn nothing else, you'll learn that there were but a handful of likeable people — including themselves — in the Beatles' lives. With a couple of minor exceptions, the only people who manage to come out with positive images are the Beatles' late manager Brian Epstein and his American attorney and business partner Nat Weiss. A good deal of material is presented on Brian and he, more than anyone in the group, or anyone to later appear on the scene, is portrayed as the individual most essential to the Beatles' success.

The characterization of Epstein is extremely "in depth." I don't want to pick out a detail here and there and include it in this review, because it would spoil some of the fun of reading this book. You really have to see for yourself how McCabe and Schonfeld deal with the Beatles and their business associates. The book is subtitled "The Unmaking of the Beatles," and we see that this was mainly accomplished through greed, on their part, on the part of Allen Klein, on the part of John and Lee Eastman, on the parts of countless others. The almighty dollar had an inordinate amount of power over the circumstances of the band. It is something they themselves had enormous difficulty in dealing with, and, after the death of Epstein in 1967, became an even more impossible situation as the parade of blood-suckers began.

There is absolutely so much going on in this book that one must marvel at how all the material was collected. I constantly wondered, "How did they know that?" Even though the most minute, and at times, non-essential details are included, the book is still a remarkable work of hard-digging journalism, but by no means a purely objective account. The writing style is amazingly streamlined and lucid and it is nearly impossible to lose interest in the story the way it is told.

The only part of the story that was, for me, hard to follow was the highly technical and exact reportage of the band's court fights; a sea of figures, percentages, stock share information, and legal entanglements. These couple of chapters require rather rigid concentration, but they are the final touches to an engrossing, exciting story, and it seems incredible that all this information is here, in front of the reader.

Sheer lack of space prevents me from listing all the noteworthy aspects of this book, and there's only one way you can find out. Read it.

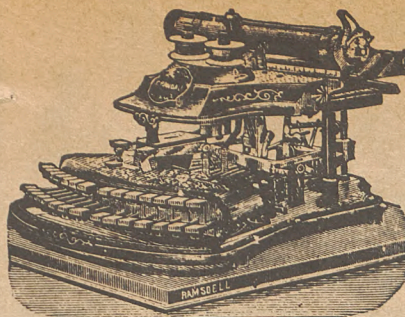
WORLD OF THE PTAUVS
NEUTRON STAR
A GIFT FROM EARTH
THE SHAPE OF SPACE
RINGWORLD
ALL THE MYRIAD WAYS

By Larry Niven — all Ballantine paperbacks.

Reviewed by Stephen Allen Whealton
The decade of the 1940's is traditionally known within the world of science-fiction as the golden era. It was during this time that John W. Campbell revolutionized the field through his inspired editorship of the magazine, *ASTOUNDING*. Campbell brought s-f along the path toward respectability and literary effectiveness. He encouraged many writers who have proved to be most successful of a whole generation. Such men as Isaac Asimov, Robert A. Heinlein, and Clifford Simak were a part of this golden era. During this time, science-fiction was generally thought of as being a fictional manifestation of some of the imagined future situations which might occur because of the continuation of technological progress. The focus of science-fiction stories was properly upon the science and technology appropriate to the future. Some of the best writers managed to put realistic human touches in their stories, but the run of the mill story during this time was strictly an intellectual problem or observation, thinly clad in fictional form.

By 1960, the principles which held sway during the golden era no longer were accepted everywhere. Science-fiction had diversified to the point that almost every literary tradition which existed outside science-fiction had some echo inside as well. Science-fiction writers had become more literate, sophisticated, and experimental. As might be expected, this trend had its adherents and its detractors. Many were unable or unwilling to accept the change in science-fiction from the "nuts-and-bolts" approach. At the other extreme, a few readers were unwilling to recognize anything except the "new wave."

The battle still rages, though it has transformed itself and its battleground many times.



John W. Campbell himself became a leader of conservative forces, maintaining the old principles which he had helped to develop earlier. His *ASTOUNDING* magazine changed its name to *ANALOG*, but continued to feature mostly technological speculations in fictional form.

By 1972, Campbell himself was dead and his approach to science-fiction had become a remnant of the past. It no longer functions as a major philosophy of science-fiction writing. *ANALOG* continues to print stories of the old type, but few other magazines do, and fewer and fewer novels that appear are made in the old mold.

A notable and successful exception to this state of affairs is Larry Niven. He is the only young writer who consistently creates stories in the style of the 1940's "golden era" and creates excellent ones. His work compares with the best of that which was written by Asimov, Sturgeon, Heinlein, and the others when they were young.

To make a story of this kind work, an author must have an idea which is fascinating quite apart from any directly human considerations. Niven prepares for his stories by contemplating the latest findings of astronomers, biologists, physicists, and other scientists. Then he speculates about future extensions of these ideas and then he tries to imagine what kinds of human situations would be likely in a world which is technologically transformed as he imagines.

Many of his stories are set in a consistent universe — one which he uses over and over again. It is a detailed and interesting one. The machines, animals, planets, and environments which he conceives are fascinating and unorthodox. They carry his stories. His people tend to be less successful, though they are far less inept than is the average for "nuts and

BOOKS

bolts" science-fiction. They are often interesting and rarely are they distracting.

My favorite book of Niven's is his first short story collection, *NEUTRON STAR*. Its stories are all set in Niven's main universe and each one is comfortable as a totally technological story. Next best is Niven's Hugo and Nebula award-winning novel, *RINGWORLD*. This story is also set in the familiar setting, and it is a good tale. It suffers a little bit from Niven's attempts to transform himself into a fine writer about human affairs as well as about intellectual speculations. I encourage him to keep trying, but he's not there yet.

WORLD OF THE PTAUVS and *A GIFT FROM EARTH* are the other novels, each set in the same overall environment. Neither is up to the standard of the short stories or of the recent novel, but both are good. *THE SHAPE OF SPACE* is almost as good as *NEUTRON STAR*, and it is marred in my mind only because of the slightly less interesting stories which Niven writes when he abandons his usual universe of concern. *ALL THE MYRIAD WAYS* is the most mixed of the books. It contains a few extremely fine stories, two very good speculative articles which are perhaps Niven's real forte, and a collection of variously disappointing fillers. I recommend it highly for the best in it, but I cannot pretend that it is consistently good.

Niven's books have all been released or re-released recently. All are in print and most of them are readily available in various shops around Washington. If you like old-fashioned science-fiction of the kind which they don't make any more, take heart and buy Niven's books. Try *NEUTRON STAR* first and then *RINGWORLD*. If you like them both, then get the others. I only wish he would write more.

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of corruption by special interests. But one thing is surely apparent now — the refusal of the President to so much as acknowledge his responsibility for dispelling perfectly logical apprehensions, is an exercise in cynicism. A democratic system, unlike an authoritarian one, is based on a mutual agreement to abide by the rules. It is not merely a question of the President being obliged to defend his part in all this, if any; it is a question of his sensitivity to the fragile nature of democracy itself. For the first axiom of any democratic

system is that the opposition party be absolutely free to oppose whether its programs be wise or unwise. In the final analysis, the people have no other protection from the abuse of power over them. The time has come, in short, for the end of theatre and the beginning of a real contest as to what men and what ideas — rather than what sentiments and what actors — are needed to assure the ongoing life of popular government in this country.

In your own backyard

By Paula Mathews

THE SIGN OF JONAH will be celebrating the relocation of their store on Saturdays, with demonstrations and exhibitions. Nancy Kiehne will exhibit batiks on Oct. 21 and on Oct. 28, Lydia Mosher and Marty Splitt will demonstrate pottery techniques. The store, now located at 2035 P St., N.W., will be open from 10 am — 4 pm on the Sat. of the exhibits and regular hours are 10 am — 5:30 pm.

THE WORK OF GEORGE CONSTANT, an artist of the WPS Federal Art Project under the Roosevelt administration, will be shown thru Nov. 4 at the June 1 Gallery of Fine Art. Included in the exhibit will be watercolors, oils and dry points, most of which were executed during the depression years of the 1930's. The gallery is located at 2647 Connecticut Ave., N.W. and is open from 11 am — 6 pm. Tues. thru Sat.

FALL IS HERE and the weather is still comfortable for zoo-goers. The National Zoological Park is open every day from 9 am — 5 pm and is located on Connecticut Ave. about four miles south of Chevy Chase Circle, in Washington.

PHOTOGRAPHER'S CHOICE — an exhibit by the photographers of National Geographic, will be held thru Nov. 12 at National Geographic, 17th and M St., N.W. The exhibit will feature what each photographer considers his best work and will be accompanied by a taped explanation of the photographer's choice. The photos will be in color and will encompass an international theme.

MARY-AVERETT SEELYE will present her program, "Poetry-in-Dance," at the Trapiere Theatre at 8:30 pm on Oct. 20 and 21 and at 7 pm on Oct. 22. The program will include such works as "Daybreak in Alabama" and "Dream Boogie" by Langston Hughes, excerpts

from "Negro Hero" by Gwendolyn Brooks, "Country Words" by Wallace Stevens, and "Underwear" by Lawrence Ferlinghetti. Tickets can be reserved at \$2.25 for students and \$3.75 for others by calling 942-3200.

ART EXHIBITS GALORE can be seen now in town. On Sat., Oct. 21, Artists Unlimited will present the works of twenty-seven area artists at a show at Canal Square, 1054 31st St. N.W. in Georgetown. The works, shown by invitation, are of a fine arts nature and include oils, acrylics, water colors, sculpture and other media. Also being shown thru Oct. 21 are the oils of Chris Meyer plus pottery by Berne and Herb Israel at Talking of Michelangelo Gallery. Located at 655 C St., S.E., the gallery is open Tues. thru Sat., from 10 am — 6 pm, and Sun. from 1 — 5 pm.

"PEOPLE TO PEOPLE," conducted by Center Stage, is a program initiated to better acquaint Maryland residents with the theater. Through this program, Center Stage personnel are available for free speaking engagements, workshops, make-up demonstrations and improvisations. The program will run thru the 1972-73 season and more information can be obtained by calling 865-8210.

NORDIC DAY will be presented on the Washington Monument grounds from noon until 6 pm on Sun., Oct. 29. The Scandinavian themed program will feature a variety of foods folk traditions, contemporary furs and native costumes from Denmark, Finland, Iceland, Norway and Sweden. There will also be demonstrations of folk dances and songs highlighting the Pittsburgh Folk Dancers and three Icelandic singers. The program is free and open to the public.

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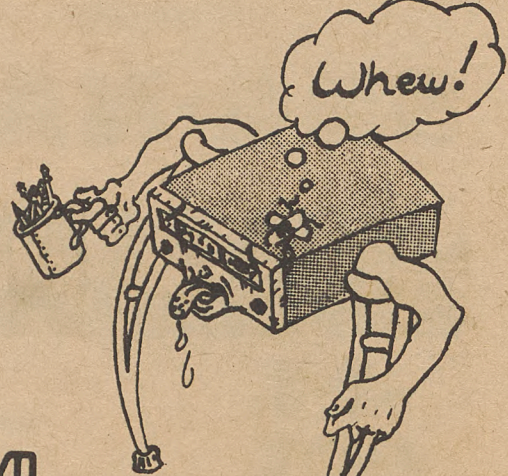
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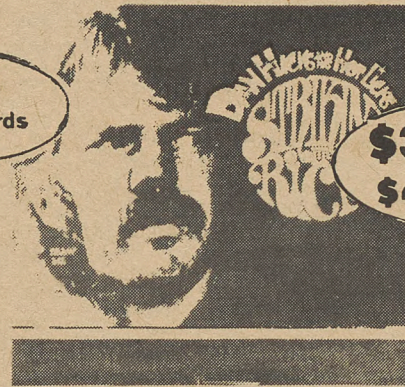
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CALENDAR OF DELIGHTS

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18

MUSIC

New York Rock Ensemble & Murray McLauchlin, Cellar Door, 337-3389
Bobby Vinton; the Stardust; 843-6233
The County Line; Maryland Inn, Annapolis; 932-8520
National Symphony Orchestra — Bach, Beethoven, Brahms — Concert Hall, Kennedy Center; 8:30 \$8.00 - \$1.25; 254-3776
Leon Fleisher, pianist; Lyric Theatre; Balto. 8:30
Folksingers; Brickseller; 9:30; 293-1885
John Wells Delegation; Mt. Vernon College Gym.; 8:30
Donal Leace; Mr. Henry's — Georgetown; 337-8027
Dubonnettes; Apple Pie; 9:00 - 1:00; 333-3811
Urbie Green; Blues Alley; 337-4141

FILMS

Creativity in Early Childhood Development; Johns Hopkins Univ.; Balto.; 4:00 366-3300
The Conformist & The Third Man; Biograph; 333-2696
Boys in the Band & I Never Sang For My Father; Circle; 337-4470

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19

MUSIC

New York Rock Ensemble & Murray McLauchlin (see Oct. 18)
Bobby Vinton (see Oct. 18)
The County Line (see Oct. 18)
National Symphony Orchestra (see Oct. 18)
Steve Miller Band & McKendree Spring; DAR Const. Hall; 8:30; \$3.50 - \$5.50; 965-9650
Leon Fleisher; (see Oct. 18)
Folksingers (see Oct. 18)
Liz Meyer & Friends; Child Harold
John Wells Delegation; Langley HS Aud.; McLean Va.
Donal Leace (see Oct. 18)
Urbie Green (see Oct. 18)

FILMS

The Seventh Seal & Wild Strawberries; Biograph
Boys in the Band & I Never Sang For My Father (see Oct. 18)

EVENTS

Lecture — "The Future of Mankind" by R. Buckminster Fuller; 8:00, NY Ave. Presbyterian Church; 13th & NY Ave. at H St. \$4 (\$3 for students) 652-0697

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 20

MUSIC

Sha-Na-Na & Jerry LaCroix w/ White Trash; DAR Const. Hall; 8:30 338-5992
NY Rock Ensemble (see Oct. 18)
Bobby Vinton (see Oct. 18)
The County Line (see Oct. 18)
B.J. Thomas & the Fabulous Rhinestones; Shady Grove; 8:30; \$4.50 - \$6.50 948-3400
Folksingers (see Oct. 18)
Donal Leace (see Oct. 18)
Urbie Green (see Oct. 18)
Paul Hill Chorale — 2 works by Brahms; Concert Hall, Kennedy Center; 8:30 \$1 - \$7.25

FILMS

Gimme Shelter & Monterey Pop; Outer Circle I
Small World — Audubon Wildlife Film; Dumbarton HS Balto.; 8:30
Shoot the Piano Player; Lisner Aud.; GWU 7 & 9:00
Seventh Seal & Wild Strawberries (see Oct. 19)
King of Hearts & A Thousand Clowns; Circle

EVENTS

National Ballet — Les Sylphides, Harlequinade Pas de Deux, Jungle & Bartok Concerto; Kennedy Center Opera House; 8:00; \$3 - \$10
Octoberfest; Richie Coliseum; U. of Md.; 8:00 students \$1, guests \$3
If Coffeehouse; 1313 NY Ave., NW; 9:00 - 1:00
Lecture — Keyboard Music & the Art of Illustration by Douglas Allanbrook; St. John's Coll.; 263-1371

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21

MUSIC

NY Rock Ensemble (see Oct. 18)
Bobby Vinton (see Oct. 18)
The County Line (see Oct. 18)
Folksingers (see Oct. 18)
John Wells Delegation; Annandale HS aud.; 8:30
Urbie Green (see Oct. 18)
Dubonnettes (see Oct. 18)
Bob Brown & Emmy Lou Harris & prize winning Canadian underground film; Marvin Ctr., GWU 8:30

FILMS

EVENTS

National Ballet — Sleeping Beauty 2 & 8:00 (see Oct. 21)
If Coffeehouse (see Oct. 20)
Difficult Run Hike; Visitor Ctr at Gt. Falls, Va.
Sam Levenson; Takoma Academy Aud.; 8:30
Danny Thomas benefit to save shildren; Kennedy Center Concert Hall; 8:30 \$10 - \$50

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22

MUSIC

The County Line (see Oct. 18)
Isaac Stern; Concert Hall, Kennedy Center 3:00
George Carlin & Kenny Rankin; Shady Grove 8:00
Hootenanny; Cellar Door (broadcast live on WGTB-FM 90.1)
Ilse & Nicolas Alfonso (Belgian classical guitar duo) Balto. Museum of Art; 3:00
Flip Wilson Show; Balto. Civ. Ctr.; 8:00
Poco & It's A Beautiful Day; Cole Field House U of Md
Carillon Concert w/ guest artist Frank Law; Arl. Cem.
Donal Leace (see Oct. 18)
Dubonnettes (see Oct. 18)
Coffee Concerts; L'Engant Theater; 4:00 \$2

EVENTS

National Ballet (see Oct. 20)
Lecture — Aida — by Robert Collinge; Coll of Notre Dame, Balto.; 3:00
Maryland Ave. Fun Fest; Annapolis; free

MONDAY, OCTOBER 23

MUSIC

Maynard Ferguson; George C. Marshall HS, Falls Church, Va; 8:00
Herbie Hancock; Cellar Door
Johnny Tillotson; the Stardust
The County Line (see Oct. 18)
UN Benefit Concert — Phila. Orchestra; Kennedy Ctr.

FILMS

Lola Montes & Rise of Louis XIV; Biograph
Monterey Pop; Coll. of Notre Dame; Balto. 8:00
Walter's Art Tour of Yugoslavia; Walter's Art Gall. Balto. 8:15
King of Heart & Thousand Clowns (see Oct. 20)

EVENTS

Mass Transit poetry project; Community bookshop 2028 P St. NW; 2nd floor; 8:00

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24

MUSIC

Herbie Hancock (see Oct 23)
Johnny Tillotson (see Oct. 23)
The County Line (see Oct 18)
Folksingers (see Oct 18)

FILMS

The Gold Rush; Coll. of Notre Dame; Balto; 8:00
Yugoslavia, the Adriatic Coast; Walter's Art Gall. Balto.; 1:00
Putney Swope & Medium Cool; Circle

EVENTS

American Ballet Theatre — Les Sylphides, Pillar of Fire le Spectre de la Rose & Fancy Free; Kennedy Ctr 8: Washington Area Free University (WAFU) coord. meet 1724 20th St. NW, 2nd floor — everyone welcome and urged to come.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25

MUSIC

Hot Tuna; DAR Const. Hall; 8:30; 338-5992
Herbie Hancock (see Oct 23)
Johnny Tillotson (see Oct 23)
The County Line (see Oct 18)
Folksingers (see Oct 18)
Donal Leace (see Oct 18)
Dubonnettes (see Oct 18)

FILMS

Lola Montes & Rise of Louis XIV (see Oct 23)
Putney Swope & Medium Cool (see Oct 24)

EVENTS

American Ballet Theatre — Swan Lake (see Oct 24)
Arthur Miller Lecture; Kennedy Ctr — Smithsonian ser. John Holt, speaker; Architecture Aud. U of Md 8:00

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26

MUSIC

Herbie Hancock (see Oct 23)
Johnny Tillotson (see Oct 23)
The County Line (see Oct 18)
Aida; Lyric Theatre; Balto. 8:15
Folksingers (see Oct 18)
Liz Meyer & Friends (see Oct 19)
Donal Leace (see Oct 18)
Sly & the Family Stone; Shady Grove; 8:30

FILMS

Ballad of a Soldier; Essex Comm. Coll; Balto. 8:00
Shoot the Piano Player & 400 Blows; Biograph
Putney Swope & Medium Cool (see Oct 24)

EVENTS

American Ballet Theatre — Paquita, Sea Interludes, La Specre de la Rose & Rodeo (see Oct 24)
Lecture — by John Gardner; Eastern HS; Balto 8:00
Lecture — by Dr. Kurt Waldheim; Johns Hopkins U; Balto; 4:00; 366-3300

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27

MUSIC

Herbie Hancock (see Oct 23)
Royal Philharmonic; Kennedy Ctr; 8:30
Johnny Tillotson (see Oct 23)
The County Line (see Oct 18)
Liz Meyer & Friends (see Oct 19)
Donal Leace (see Oct 18)
Sly & Family Stone (see Oct 26)

FILMS

Monkey Business (Marx Bros.) & Never Give a Sucker an Even Break (WC Fields); Outer Circle I
Rachel, Rachel; Lisner Aud.; GWU; 7 & 9:00
Shoot the Piano Player & 400 Blows (see Oct. 26)

EVENTS

American Ballet Theatre — Les Sylphides, Pillar of Fire Grand Pas Classique & Rodeo (see Oct 24)
IF Coffeehouse (see Oct 24)
The Sound of Music; Holy Trinity HS; 8:00
Recollections of Vaudeville, Radio in the '30's; WAMU 88.5 FM, 8:30
Lecture — Words and Music in Bach by Beate Von Oppen; St. John's College; Annapolis; 8:15
Macrame Art Exhibit; St. John's College

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28

MUSIC

Herbie Hancock (see Oct 23)
Johnny Tillotson (see Oct 23)
The County Line (see Oct 18)
Music from Marlboro; Smithsonian Museum of Nat'l History Aud. 5:30
Nina Simone; Kennedy Center; 8:30 \$4.50 - \$7.50
Aida (see Oct 26)
Liz Meyer & Friends (see Oct 19)
Donal Leace (see Oct 18)
Dubonnettes 4 - 7:00 (see Oct 18)
Sly & Family Stone (see Oct 26)

EVENTS

American Ballet Theatre — see Oct 24)
Intellectual Country Fair; Goucher Coll., Towson 9:30 am — 4:30 pm; 825-3300
Sound of Music (see Oct 27)
Halloween Party; Sweetgum Picnic Area at Greenbelt Park, Md; 2 - 5:00; free
Annual photo contest; Sandy Pt. State Park; 267-5517

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 29

MUSIC

County Line (see Oct 18)
Baroque Orchestra of Cologne; Kennedy Ctr; 3:00
Julian Bream; Kennedy Ctr; 8:30 \$3.25 - \$6.50
Looking Glass & Chi Coltrane; Towson St. Coll 4:00
James Gang; Balto. Civ. Ctr.; 8:00
Donal Leace (see Oct 18)
Dubonnettes (see Oct 18)
Coffee Concerts; L'Enfant Theatre; 4:00 \$2
Lester Flatt & Nashville Grass; Robinson HS, Fairfax, Va; 7:30; \$3

FILMS

Akran; Baird Aud., Nat'l Museum of Hist. & Tech. 5:30
Shoot the Piano Player & 400 Blows (see Oct 26)
Teh Cat People (St. Johns College)

EVENTS

American Ballet Theatre — (see Oct 24)
Sound of Music — matinee at 2:00 — (see Oct 27)
Annual Photo Contest (see Oct 28)

MONDAY, OCTOBER 30

MUSIC

Camerato Chorus of Washington [19th Cent. Music] Renwick Gallery; 8:00; 381-5395
Grand Music Hall of Israel; Kennedy Ctr. 8:00
Aida (see Oct 26)
Looking Glass; Ritchie Coliseum, U of Md 8:00
students free, guests \$3
Mort Sahl; Cellar Door

FILMS

Golden Age of Comedy; Coll. of Notre Dame, Balt. 8p
Tol'able David; Enoch Pratt Free Library, Balt. 2:00
Daumier at the Walters Art Gallery, Balt; 8:15
Ulysses & King of Hearts; Biograph
Citizen Kane & The Trial; Circle

EVENTS

Lecture by Wernher Von Braun; Lisner Aud, GWU 8:00; 676-6555
Mass Transit Poetry Project (see Oct 23)
Annual Photo Contest (see Oct 28)

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 31

MUSIC

Baroque Orchestra of Cologne; Goucher Coll; Towson, Md.; 8:30;
Jeff Beck; DAR Constitution Hall; 7:30; \$4.50-\$6.50
Folksingers (see Oct 30)
Mort Sahl (see Oct 30)